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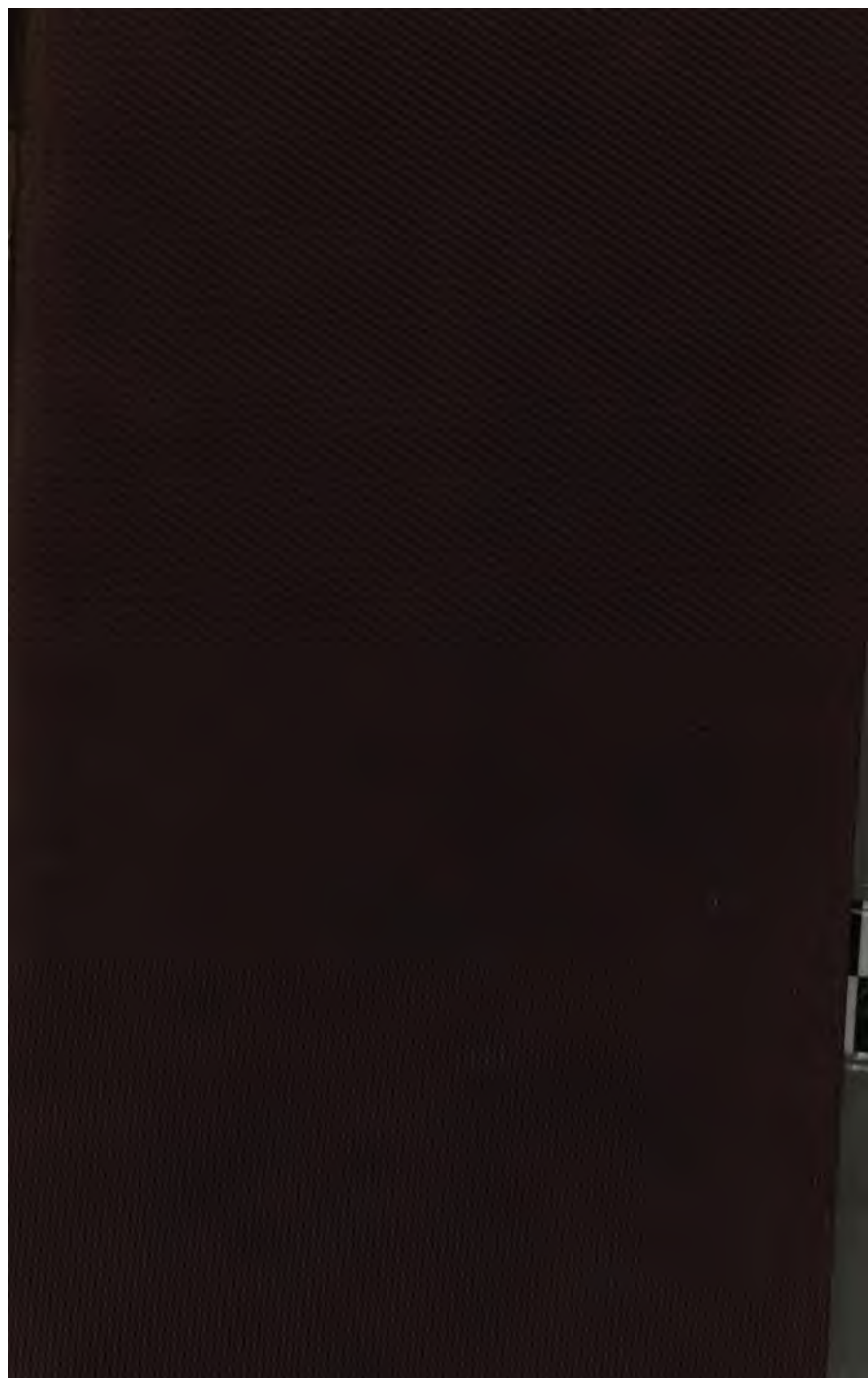
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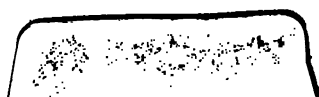
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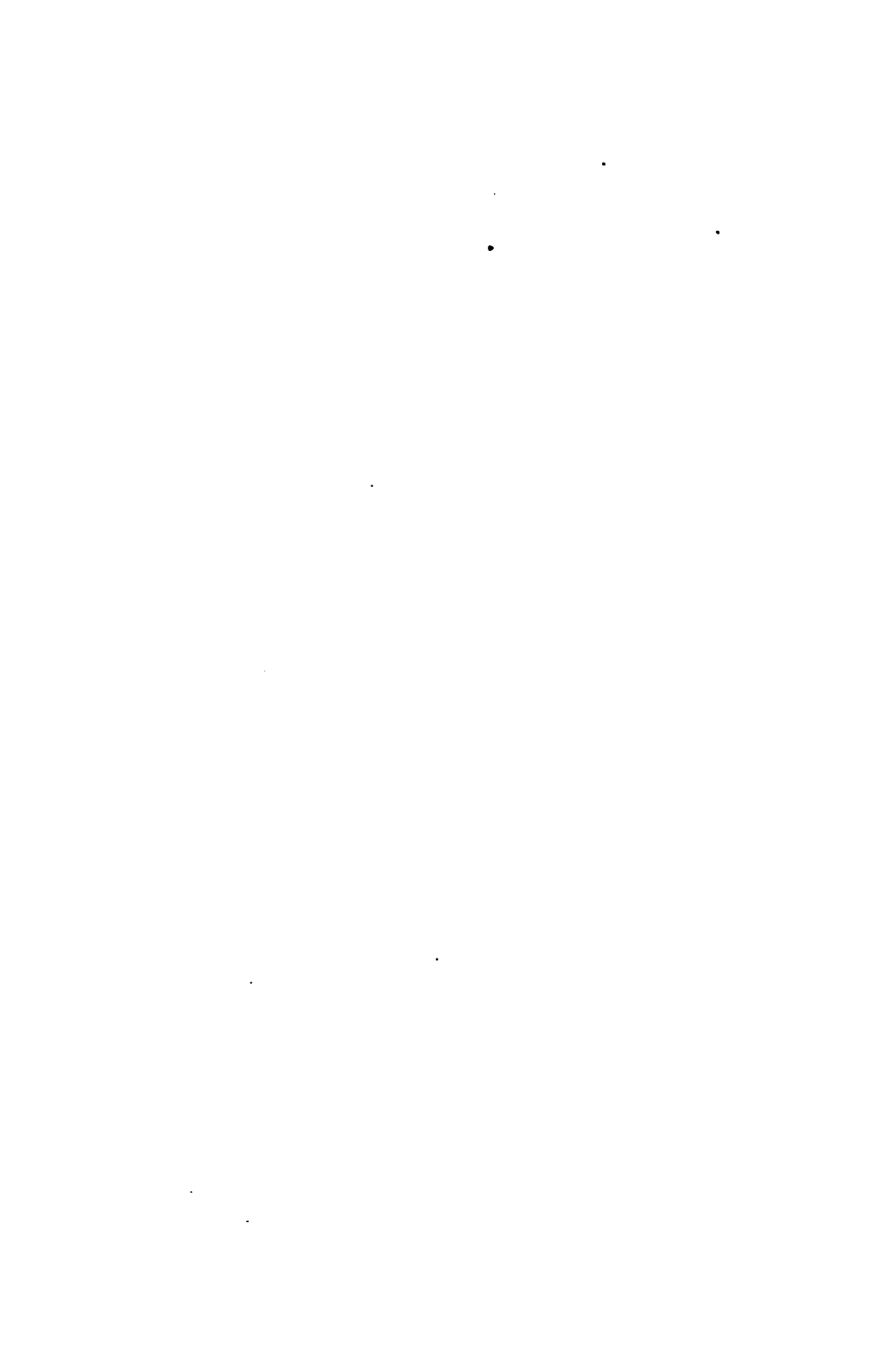
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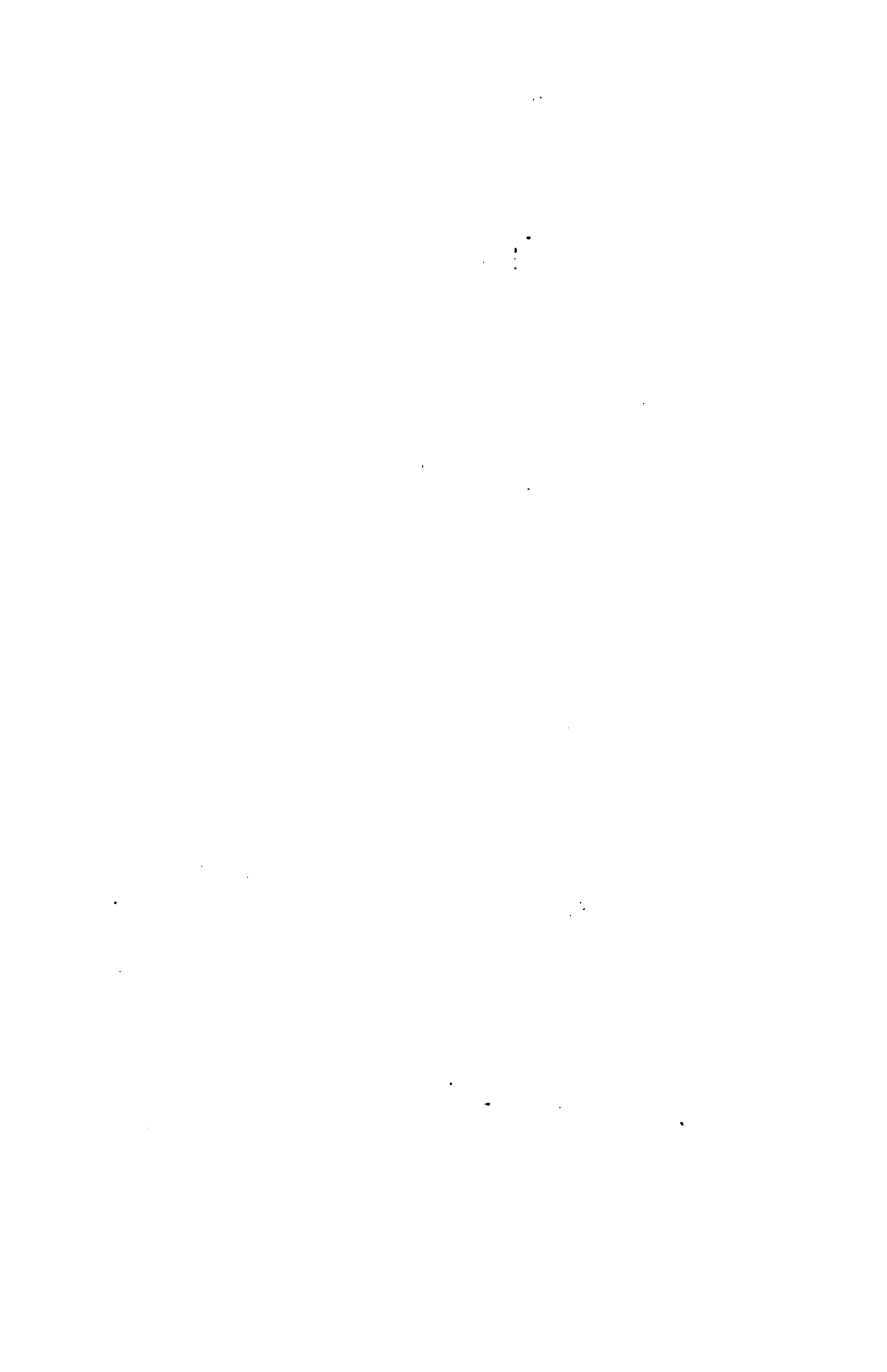








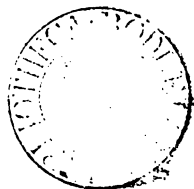
FLOWERS OF MY SPRING.



FLOWERS OF MY SPRING.

Poems.

Look ye for FLOWERS within MY SPRING?
That time when chilling blasts of care
Fann'd Nature's garden with rude wing!
Alas! foul weeds will rankle there!



LONDON:

RICHARD GROOMBRIDGE, 6, PANYER ALLEY, PATERNOSTER ROW;
AND R. AKED, LOW-STREET, KEIGHLEY.

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548.



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PREFACE.

It is an exceedingly difficult task for the young and inexperienced author to come before the public, and more especially before the critics—those hawks whose eyes are ready to detect every flaw, and whose talons are as ready to pick and mangle as the eyes to see. But far be it from the author of these to crouch beneath the feet of any critic, and supplicate for a miserable lenience; he wishes to be judged by *ANOTHER* standard than the compassion of the critic; yet, while he says this, he would not be thought presumptuous or vain, for such authorities in literature as in civil matters are indispensably necessary, and he is willing, very willing, to confess that there is much that is bad in this volume; yet where, he would ask, would they look for perfection? not in the pages of the most faultless writers even at maturity. Those are but the productions of the author's seventeenth and eighteenth years.

But there are certain characters in this age,—the author does not mean to allude to any sect or party,—from whom he expects direct condemnation. To be judged by their vices

which he has lashed, he is careless; yet he would remind them, with all love, that he has not lashed individuals, but the vices which degraded them.

In Blackwood's Magazine the author saw a poem entitled "THE CATHEDRAL," the incidents in which bear some resemblance to those in THE REBUKE OF PEACE in this volume. He thinks it necessary to state, to avoid being charged with plagiarism, that all the passages in The Rebuke of Peace, to which he alludes, were written before "The Cathedral" appeared.

By the way, the venerable CHRISTOPHER NORTH, the king of critics in our age, has said somewhere, that all who have struck the lyre are worthy of immortality. Hear that, ye small fry of critics, who try to assume greatness, as the frog in the fable tried to be as huge as the bull which he envied!

In reading over the work the author discovers some errors in the printing, which have unfortunately resulted from his residing at a considerable distance from the press, and which he is grieved to say, cannot now be altered.

November 1st, 1839.

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FLOWERS OF MY SPRING.



THE BEBUKE OF PEACE.

Now let my muse attune the mournful string,
 (For mournful should it be of saddest sound)
Of her sad harp, and teach me while I sing
 To those who walk on agitation's ground,
 How they had banish'd Peace so long renown'd,
From England's plains where she had dwelt of yore,
And cheer'd each ample hall and lowly cottage poor.

Spirit of purest mind, who left high Heaven,
 And all its joys, to dwell on ingrate earth :
Who without sigh forewent the glories given
 To every angel of celestial birth,
 Yielding her sapphire crown, that glorious girth
Which greets the brows of those who dwell in light
Among whose beams ne'er comes pervading night.

Tell me, my muse, how she one morning flew
Far above earth upon her fluttering wing,
While she long gazed on the foaming crew
That tugg'd below, like beast with angry spring,
Or serpent ever casting venom'd sting
While its poor victim writh'd with horrid pain;—
Even so ambition stirr'd the world again.

A mournful look was cast around her brow,
(Heaven-born and God-like though it bloom'd
above)

Still hover'd she o'er hill or vale below,
And linger'd still, as though with depth of love
Her soul was chain'd unto each lovely grove,
Yet ever and anon she soar'd away,
For resting-place was none to court her stay.

She look'd upon the isle, and there beheld
What scenes of devastation spread among
Her ancient lands, by discord foul upheld,
While banish'd was the thrill of rural song;
But clamour's echoes roll'd the vales along,
Rose 'bove the hills, yea, well nigh to the sky,
And at the scene so sad the Angel heav'd a sigh.

Myriads of human forms now pass'd below,
And blacken'd all the vale with lengthen'd train,
And now they climbed the hoary mountain's brow,
Or sunk into the valley's gentle bend again,
While burthen'd earth groan'd 'neath their weight
amain,
And echo's voice, the lonely mountain child,
Chid them for waking her, and spreading clamours wild.

As when an ant-hill swarms with busy forms,
Which round its sides in many a thickness creep,
Unnumber'd as the sands o'er which the storms
In waves tumultuous and relentless leap,
Which ne'er are press'd with care, or idle sleep;
So seem'd the mighty crowd that mov'd below,
Save that disquietude sat on each feverish brow.

There flags and banners floated in the air,
Emblems of Liberty whereon were scroll'd,
And scarfs and sashes all so wond'rous fair,
Mounted on mighty poles of timber bold,
While hollow music forth the drummer roll'd,
And clad in black a crown of blood-red hue
Caught the sun's beams and heard the hissing crew.

Lagging in rear the women last came on,
And children too with many a blooming face,
Fair as could be, where sweat and dust were on,
All creeping onward with a jaded pace,
Not like the heroes of a glorious race,
And still as on they pass'd, they joined the cry,
And mourned for liberty with an impatient sigh.

When the sun's orb had gain'd his glowing height,
And warm'd e'en stillness by his quick'ning beams,
The moving crowd felt more oppressive weight,
For now the dust arose in eddying streams,
Or heat, or hunger more laborious seems,
While no pure breath can greet them, for the cloud
Rises from earth and wraps them in its shroud.

So armies move within Arabia's lands,
And coursers' hoofs bescour the heated plain,
Swift o'er their heads arise the eddying sands,
Then sink among th' abashed troops again,
While Heav'n sends to them no cheering rain ;
No friendly springs their thirsty mouths refresh,
But hunger, pain, and heat their toilsome march
oppress.



And now again the hill ascending high
They upward trace and gain the dreary moor,
And all th' astounded wild fowl upward fly,
And mix their shrieks amid the downward roar,
The crowd then sit upon the heather floor,
While leaders busily a hustings frame :
They rise—and all invoke great Liberty's high name.

Ah ! sacred Liberty, methinks the crew,
Who thus betake thy honour'd name in vain,
Will have their wicked crimes in time to rue—
Better they had been plung'd within the main,
Or buried 'mid the sands of desert plain,
Than thus to constantly their tongues employ
In seeking that which they might all enjoy.

No human horror at these scenes so foul
Could with that felt by peace on earth compete,
To hear the fiend thus all engage the soul,
And make his triumph o'er the mind complete,
That which was made for God-like virtue's seat ;
For, shuddering, she again outspreads her wings,
And over hill and vale her rapid flight she flings.

Yet still no sacred spot can greet the eye,
For all is fill'd with hatred's knowing ire,
(Sad sight for them who dwell within the sky),
And "round abuse" still vents its slanderous fire,
Few minds among us now can rise up higher
Than some foul dunghill's foully stinking pile,
Or horrid thoughts which all the mind defile.

At length some grey cathedral tow'rs she 'spied,
And strain'd her eyes to meet the hallow'd gaze;
She saw them tow'ring in their holy pride
Amid the varying forests sweeping maze,
In which fair beauty oft at ev'ning plays;—
"Here will I dwell within this sacred glade,
And rest within yon temple's holy shade."

The wings of beauty, which had fled around
Each vale in wond'rous Heav'n so brightly fair,
Where trees of silver rise above the ground,
And smiling cherubs fan the liquid air,
While ease, not rushing-haste, dwells ever there,
Now fled as quickly as their pow'rs could fly
To where the holy towers ascend so high.

But all of sudden she her pinions drew,
 (As when maid startles at the loathsome sight
Of adder foul, the fear of virtue true),
 And in a moment stay'd her wheeling flight;
 Then strain'd her ears in an uncertain plight,
Until the sounds, too undeceiving, came,—
And peace once more wept over England's shame.

Again she flew to know the horrid truth,
 Whate'er it might be, and complete her grief,
(Whose cup was well nigh full, yet mix'd with ruth)
 That sorrow's overflow might bring relief,
 And drown the depths of feeling in its grief;
Not long suspense stood dreadful o'er her soul,
But the reality upon her vision stole.

Huge, long, and mighty was the holy pile,
 And fair as large, for beauty's varying hand
Had round it wav'd in lovely gothic style;—
 There cherubs fair were join'd in flow'ry band,
 And angels like the forms in heavenly land
Studded each niche, while wreathing chaplets twin'd
Rich canopy above—beauty with wealth combin'd.

Grim martyrs frown'd, and softer saints still shed
Fair heav'nly smiles till all the sculptur'd stone
Breath'd a devotion on your bending head,
And wrapt the soul in a religious tone,
While contemplation awful press'd her throne,
And future worlds came on the charmed eye,
And glories, yet untasted, pass'd alluring by.

"Buttress on buttress" tow'r'd into the air,
With fretted crown, and niche with statue fill'd;
Between were windows richly carv'd and fair,
Whose lightsome shafts the beams at sunset gild,
And on the glass full many hues were spill'd,
While artist's hand had shap'd out ancient king,
Or hap the plumage of an angel's glittering wing.

The towers arose majestic o'er the roof—
Like hoary monarchs well rever'd for age,
And goodness too; whose virtuous selves were proof
Against the slanderous or the liar's rage,
Whose souls in nought, save evil, can engage,
And worst of evil that they should defame
What God has bid them love, their brother's name.

Thus it was fair—but ah ! how long alas !

Its beauty still might last, no mortal tongue
Could ever tell, or doom prophetic pass,
For the base bloodhounds of fierce war had
sprung

From out their covert, and with sinews strong
Flew to the hallow'd pile with fiendish rage,
And swore destruction should their souls engage.

How foreign were the sounds of furious war
To that fair shade where all was quiet rest,
So long erewhile—till some ill-fated star
In mind malicious half the land had drest,
And fury in their veins like poison prest—
Alas ! the tears of sorrow ne'er will cease to flow,
To think that man should strike his benefactor's brow.

As when some rav'nous beast by hunger spurr'd
Steals from his covert to the haunts of men,
When all is silent, save the twilight bird,
Or song of child who strays adown the glen.
Led by the twilight past, or fold, or pen,
Sudden he pounces from his covert wild,
And straight remorseless tears the helpless child.

So came the ruthless on their foul intent,
And with their feet profan'd the hallowed court,
But not to cry alone their minds were bent,
Destruction only their malicious sport,
To cut Religion's reign on earth more short—
They ran o'er sleeping forms which should have
watch'd the fane,
But ah! these rubb'd their eyes, then fell to sleep again.

And now each niche they fill'd and hurl'd adown
Each carved statue and each garland fair,
Cut off each angel's wing of heavy stone,
Or in derision spoil'd the virgin's hair,
And marr'd each beauteous sight that open'd there;
They swarm'd around as bees upon a hive,
And the cathedral seem'd to eye and ear alive.

Anent, on wall, Discord disguised stood
Dispensing mandates, enemies to peace
And every other virtue great and good,
And hop'd within her heart content would cease,
And every passion gain its wild release;
For this the garb of liberty she had purloin'd,
And in her name assum'd among the clamour join'd

“Why are ye goaded with a load of chains ?

’Tis I who bid you tread upon your foe.

I, liberty, who will reward your pains ;—

Ye shall the joys of conquering by me know,

And their tyrannic pow’r hence overthrow ;

Arise ye now, pull down the ruling pile,

Great tho’ it be,—’tis not more great than vile.

“Shall e’en a church tread on your freeborn neck,

Because a silly King so will’d in olden time,

And ye lie still, and not its bondage break,

But heedless assent to its tuneful chime ?

Oh ! base-soul’d things, how horrid is your crime,

If ye submit so willingly to this,

Nor ever strive for my all-powerful bliss !

“Princes and potentates have courted me,

And nations moan’d for pity at my shrine,

But I have left them and have come to ye,

Because I thought ye more were destin’d mine,

And too that brighter souls did in ye shine,

For ye are soar’d above the grov’ling earth

Upon my wing, ye men of greater worth.

“Greece have ye far outshone in learning’s lore,
And put behind the wits of ancient Rome,
And teem’d upon the world a modern store,
Great as will serve the ages yet to come,
And cheer each freeman in his well bought home ;
Ye’ve left behind before world’s filthy mire,
And built the hill of fame a mountain higher.

“And are ye thus above the nations rais’d,
To be debas’d by sordid slavery’s load ?
Ye whom I, Liberty, so oft have prais’d
And help’d your steps upon the modern road,
Learn’d ye to banish superstition’s mode,
And clap your wings above its ancient seat,
Ready for flight which now ye must complete ?

“I’ll give my whining accents to the air,
And the authority which is my right ;
I on my distaff will before you bear,
And answer ye obediently my might ;
So will I bless with pow’r each happy wight,
And to high station raise him in the land,
And he o’er all his fellows shall have due command.

"Blest sons of Liberty ! how noble are ye now !

How do your actions speak the glorious mind !

And what fair honours twine around your brow !

While freedom the fair shoots in love doth bind,

And sweet-breath'd fragrance for you fills the wind !

O ! happy children, what can stain your joys,

Which so are fix'd above the world's vain noise !

"Expand your flight—still seek ye higher bliss,

Spread loftier still your nobly soaring wing,

Ye shall be gods, and daughters of gods kiss,

And from high Heav'n upon the fair earth bring,

Where ye shall rule the lov'd the honour'd king,

While high-born men shall come from every zone,

And reverential bend beneath your awful throne."

Thus ended the false matron her fair strain,

Which flew like poison 'mong the furious crowd,

And urg'd them on to madder deeds again ;

Thus they by guile unto her mandates bow'd,

Then straight destruction on the church they vow'd

And to their pillaging again return'd,

Join'd by half England's sons who with like fury burn'd

These sounds, like serpents foul, stung Peace's ear,
And ever and anon her wing she stay'd,
Or came with flutt'ring flight the scene more near,
While strange emotions o'er her feature play'd;
But sorrow's home at last seem'd on them made.
Stung by ingratitude for her kind care
She thus soliloquiz'd within the air.

“Is this my due reward, O perjur'd land?
Is this what I expected for my need?
Is this what I deserved at your hand?
O base reward for such a loving deed!
What glorious recompense have ye decreed!
Ah! did I leave my heav'n of joy for this,
And lost for such a scene my world of bliss?

“Left I old Greece the home of love and joy?
The love of virtue, and her actions pure—
The joy of wisdom—pleasure's best employ?
These only are the blisses which can cure,
Mix'd with Religion what ye men endure.
Left I for this? Oh! what a foul exchange
For passions fierce at will among you range.

“ Why do ye sleep who should defend the land ?

Why do ye linger careless by the storm ?

Have ye not blessings at my bounteous hand ?

Have I not cheer'd your presence by my form ?

Nurs'd ye and foster'd ye with breast full warm ?

Came I not here by fair Liberty's side,

And soften'd all her path from haughty pride ?

“ Came I not to your hearth, sat at your board ?

Wil'd the long sequence of each winter's night ?

Came to the council oft with squire and lord,

Implanted churches by my gentle might,

Or by my wisdom set old feuds aright ;

Led ye by fell, o'er brook, or wilder moor,

And brought ye safely to a shelt'ring door ?

“ Stay'd I not fountains of the flowing blood

Of England's sons, which late had delug'd all

The rural plains ? and thus forbid all good

To come within the reach of tyrant's thrall ;

But made men taste the pain of slavery's gall,

And bow their necks, when not one durst complain,

'Till we in pity broke the cord in twain—

“Have I not done all this ? And what my gain ?
To be insulted by a thoughtless crew,
Who take my blessings, then call up the brain,
To turn mine own good gifts against me. True,
I gave them free to all, and kept no clue
To bind them wherewithal unto my end,
Yet should they be ungrateful for such bliss obtain’d ?

“But fouler than ingratitude their crime ;—
They’re not content to wade within the mire
Of dull forgetfulness—they aim at ends sublime ;
But falling short they catch the adders’ fire,
Which seek the thickest growth with doubled ire,
And secure rise above the tallest grass,
Hissing their hate on all who thither pass.

“How can I live in such a land of hate,
When all my mind is made of kindest love ?
But ah ! I’ve witness’d many a scene of late,
To glad the heart in silent rural grove ;
Unseen I’ve watch’d the herdsman, as he drove
The lowing cattle on the mountain’s brow,
And led him to his maid enshrin’d below.

"Theirs then were thoughts of purity and peace,
They knew no hatred,—nurs'd no lurking guile,
But liv'd contented with their quiet bliss,
Still in affection passing all the while,
Nor wishing e'er to see the world's turmoil;
But now alas! they restless all are grown,
And leave their quiet bliss to see the garish town.

"I'll leave each spot where I have dwelt of yore,
Each lofty mountain and each sloping vale,
And leave behind those whom I lov'd before;
Perhaps at loss of me they may bewail,
Let it be so.—I may fill many a tale
Told round the blazing hearth at close of day
Nay, I may e'en be lov'd, when I am far away.

"Let me hence take my seat on towering cliff,
My only music be the billows' roar,
My lone companion some far wandering skiff,
Or sea-fowl wild that haunts the rocky shore;
There I may think on this sad scene no more,
But learn to skim the air in wanton grace,
Or with the feather'd fowl heart-lighten'd wing the race.

"There man can have no blessings—so his voice
Will ne'er be clamourous with fury wild;
There are no blessings for his pamper'd choice,
Ah! he'll not come there, the self-seeking child,
For there misfortune might have made him mild;
For he who has most liberty, calls most,
And they, who grant his cry, grant freedom lost."

VISIT TO YORK.

SWIFT runs the coach! the rain is pelting hard
Against the surface of my moisten'd cheek,
Which strives in vain, by foul grimaces marr'd,
Beneath some neighbouring cape a shed to seek.

Crack goes the whip! still on the carriage rolls!
We stay not for the laggard left behind;
And the storm daunts not our still cheerful souls,
While we sit laughing at the furious wind.

The thick tall hedge-rows vanish from our sight ;
Field after field flies backward, as we go ;
Steeple full firm, and spires so wond'rous light,
Soon in the distance their dim substance show.

The drizzling rain falls on the rippled lake,
Whereon two swans display their snow-white breasts,
And in the mirror seem delight to take,
Viewing the beauties of their broken crests.

A little upward on the bending green,
Appears the house devoted to some fair ;
Its windows peeping from their woody screen ;
It owns the mistress of the snow-white pair.

She in her taste is farther than the age !
Oh ! blame her not, the age is passing foul :
I heed ye not, though ye may spurn my page,
Ye furious whigs who cannot chain my soul.

To the next hill the nimble wheels aspire,
And a fresh woodland opens to the view ;
Lovely it looks in summer's rich attire ;
At every turn presenting features new.



And lo ! a sunbeam breaks beneath the cloud,
Shooting its radiance through the brighten'd air ;
It paints the church tower in its woody shroud,
And gilds the poplars quiv'ring in the air.

With power, like magic, straight the skies are clear'd,
And the sun shines, the lord of glowing day,
Making all bright which drooping 'fore appear'd,
By the creative force of his fine ray.

The busy husbandmen from out their homes
With merry faces take them to the glade,
Watch'd by their loving wives, with anxious gaze,
As their tall forms decrease beneath the shade.

The roses twine around the cottage door,
Where no rude hand their beauty dares deface ;
While bower'd within upon the paved floor,
The children sport with youthful winning grace.

O happy Peace ! who would not change their lot
From withering care to peace so sweet as this ?
Who would not leave the world for this fair cot,
And for their barter gain celestial bliss ?

Why proud ambition thus would answer me,
While haughty fire g'anc'd from his sparkling eye,
"Who, who, would seek to live a fool like thee,
Nor hated nor belov'd, thus grov'ling die ? "

'Tis this ambition's fire that spoils our life,
Holding a candle to our dazzled sight,
Luring to grasp at nothing with all strife,
A courted nothing, fraudulently bright.

All they once eminent have courted this,
And though we rail we still may feel its power ;
Aye, and too own a secret joyous bliss
At thoughts of being known more than *one* fleeting hour

The tile-roof'd houses of a country town,
Now 'mid the woodland scene their roofs uprear,
With nothing to relieve the wearying brown,
Save the grey pinnacles which high appear.

Yet nearer we approach the well pav'd streets,
The more their neatness strikes upon our sense,
Humble, though cleanly, are these fair retreats,
Without the pompous strut of pride's pretence.



And now upon the stones with rumbling pace,
The swift coach passes, growling as it goes;
And from the windows peeps full many a face,
With dark eyes strain'd athwart the chisel'd nose.

But here we stop—the coachman pulls the reins,
And the gruff landlord fills the ample door;
At his good signal each man wisely deigns
To quit the vehicle and court the floor.

Ah! “disappointment lurks in every prize,”
And though a solace, here's a wretched grief;
“Can have no horses,” the sharp ostler cries,
To give our “way-worn” jades a kind relief.

So the poor beasts must wander on their way,
And breathless toil another weary stage:
Methinks their limbs will not forget the day
Of sudden time after such foul outrage!

Here stands the bridge which spreads with ample span,
And well-built arch across the river's breast,
Whose waters yet untainted by foul man,
Play as they roll beneath its goodly crest.

It sweeps away into the woodland shade—
Whose bowering beauties hang above its waves,
And ever varying is the lovely glade,
Giving the eye whatever fancy craves.

On the right bank the gently sloping lawn
Its dimpled breast heaves up ; and oft I ween
The sly coquette invites at twilight dawn
The vowing lovers to her ample green.

Aye, many a winning tale has oft been told,
When nought, save mother earth, was there to hear ;
No one of feeling could have been so bold
As to have come the hallow'd precincts near.

The envious linnet only sung its lay,
And thought t' have charm'd them with a sweeter song,
Sweeter than love at close of happy day—
Ah ! that fair linnet judged wond'rous wrong.

Here on the left bank grow the fair green trees,
Which thro' the times rever'd and ages past
Have thrown their shadows, spite of time's decrees,
On man's dark home, of earthly homes the last.

Above the graves, white with the bygone years,
Stands the old church, tho' many storms have roll'd
Above its head (well wash'd with rev'rence tears,
Shed by the weeping eyes of those now cold).

Oft as the Sabbath winds upon the heels
Of weary weeks, which long for kind repose ;
Devotion to great Heaven from mortals steals
In solemn cadence, melting at each close.

Where is the man, who with his impious tongue
Had dar'd "buffoonery" its rites to call ?
His doom should be the horrid curse which clung
To him who reign'd in gorgeous Bab'lon's wall.

But yet methinks I might recall the curse,
He then would be no more a beast than now,
He boasts his wisdom, yet he thinks the worse,
Admires himself as most vain idiots do.

Again the coach appears, again I mount,
And many a fair scene spreads beneath my eye ;
Far many more than e'er I now can count,
So swift e'en lov'd things from our memories fly.

Soon round the angle of an hill we turn'd,
I long'd for change and gaze on it the while;
And my poor bosom with a warm fire burn'd,
When I beheld the old Cathedral pile.

Nought else was seen amid the forest trees,
Save All-Saints' tower and tall Saint Mary's spire;
They seem'd the children of the minster church,
In vain attempting to its height t' aspire.

And now I stand within the holy shade
Of Great Saint Peter's venerable towers,
And here I'll rest, where many a Saint has stray'd,
And watch the twilight steal along the hours.

The noble front that westward rears its face,
Adorn'd with tracery, most rich and rare,
Is now drunk inward by mine anxious gaze;
Tis painful to behold its gorgeous glare.

But hark, how sweet the solemn peals ascend !
Rais'd from the voices in the glorious choir ;
While thro' the mazy aisles the echos wend,
As tho' within each arch some angel struck his lyre.

And now the echos die away apace,
And sunk in silence is the organ peal;
Praise unto pious prayer has given place,
Prayer for both rich and poor—a nation's weal.

Who hath a soul that lives within his breast,
And doth not feel one touch of holy pride?
Pride for his land, blest with such heavenly rest,
As with a church like this must e'er preside.

Ah! let the wretch abjure the Christian name,
And all the blessings granted for man's sake;
And with his fellow-beasts seek but *their* fame,
To have *no will* but that their passions make.

And now again the chant responsive rolls,
Swelling along the nave, I hear it ring;
While all assembled with concordant souls,
Join with the choir to praise their Heavenly King.

How rise the mighty arches on my sight,
Upward in perfect beauty towering high;
With fretted work and strangest sculpture dight,
With admiration filling my young eye!

See where in majesty unequal'd sweeps
The mighty nave, where arch on arch appears ;
Deepening in dim perspective to the view, †
While towering wond'rous high the roof appears.

See in the tapering aisle, where light is dim,
The sad momentos of the former times ;
The monuments of those who in them liv'd,
Which tell their virtues, but conceal their crimes.

Here in his marble state, by sculptor laid,
The fam'd archbishop rests his holy head ;
While his cold hands are clasp'd, as tho' he pray'd—
Joining the living with the silent dead.

Methinks the edifice is honour'd much,
Where the renowned Wolsey mouldering lies :
His memory alone, with hallow'd touch,
Will tinge the heart of him who hither hies.

Here let our hearts in kindly love be knit,
And pride be ever from our nature flown ;
For here our souls should be for reverence fit,
In this dim place of olden-times renown.

I envy not the state of that man's mind
Who pours contempt upon the ages fled,
And calls them ignorant, with voice unkind,
Hurling barbarity upon their head.

Who loves not man can never love the hand
That made him from the earth we see so fair—
That gave him intellect with high command,
And plac'd him on the land for ruler there.

Religion unto love is near allied,
So he who loves not God, reveres not man ;
And what is reverence, but love applied
To those who walk'd the world in earlier span.

And all religion is an empty vaunt,
That boasts of love, yet still in hatred lies ;
Whose mock sincerity is all a cant,
That thro' the world with specious visage flies.

Let me believe the tale of that man's tongue,
Who minds, with reverence, departed dust,
And casts not those away whom death has stung,
Nor flatters those who live with vainful lust.

For me, I wish no better nor more pleasing task
Than walking 'mid the aisles of this great fane,
Where contemplation lives in loveliest mood,
Leading by stealth into the musing vein.

Here is no charm for him who cannot think,
Here is no charm for him who cannot love,
Whose soul's a horrid gulph without a brink,
Whereon might virtue sit the depths above.

Chill'd by the winter of this world of storms,
See where yon world-sick manhood turns his head ;
Still shrinks his eye from the world's caresome forms,
And too its slippery paths he loaths to tread.

Nurs'd was he in prosperity's fair bloom,
And cradled fair in its bewitching shade ;
Where lightsome bliss held back all darksome gloom,
While purling fountains murmur'd thro' the shade,

Whose sounds illusive to the tempted ear,
Still call'd the heedless onward to the shore
Of that fair lake whose bosom aye is clear,
And never wafted by the turbid oar.

Whereon in stillness glides the gilded barge
Of flatter'd pleasure and voluptuous bliss,
Which moves above the limpid waves at large,
And seems in joy the beauteous pool to kiss.

Away it floats while sauntering o'er its sides
In careless ease the pamper'd votaries cling,
And still the lake reflects them as it glides,
While the fair shores of pearl and silver ring,

To songs of gaiety and happy hours,
While siren pleasure chants the entrancing lay,
And sweetest music in full concord pours
Her harmony from strings of brightest ray.

And now they near'd a cliff of brightest ore,
Which rear'd its arches towering to the sky ;
And nearer still approach'd the shelving shore,
Whose orient riches now engag'd the eye.

They mark'd not what a storm far backward lower'd,
Beyond the passage of the beauteous cliff ;
Nor saw the lightnings that from heaven pour'd,
And hurl'd destruction on each wandering skiff,

That had unguarded pass'd the fatal bound.—
But as they gaz'd upon the lovely scene,
And deem'd they still in pleasure's lake were own'd,
They pass'd the glittering cliffs, alas ! between.

And now they seem'd upon a mighty sea,
Whose tossing waves in rampant fury roll'd ;
And shores were spread, dim as the eye could see,
And even there were precipices bold ;

And black as water of that silent stream
Which Milton sung, slow flow'd in regions dread,
Which seem'd yet blacker from the gorgeous gleam
Of shores that late before their eyes had spread.

Pleasure upstarted, and her harp downfell,
And a stern horror seiz'd the affrighted crew,
While she, unmindful of their piteous yell,
Relentless on the air with wild wing flew,

And, flying, vanish'd from their following sight—
Then gibbering on the deck a form upstood,
In horror clad, an eye-offending wight,
Whose jarring features seem'd a sea of blood.



From her lean head a host of vipers hung,
Each brandishing a sting which seem'd of death;
Around the crew a silent horror clung,
And well-nigh robb'd each mortal of his breath.

Her withered arm she rais'd, and pointed far
Across the billows of the troubled main,
Which seem'd to wage a still more furious war,
On distance doubled still the storm again,

Until in dim perspective shone the blaze
Of unextinguishable and eternal fire,
While sulphurs blue bemix'd among the maze,
And join'd the flames in venting hellish ire.

And hollow sounds of woe bewailing came,
And mingled with the dashing of the waves;
Telling the mighty horrors of the flame,
And waking misery from out her cares.

Wild came the screams of ever damn'd despair,
And half-spoke horrors ever stealthy moan;
And accusations fierce rebounded there,
And sad remorse's deepest gnawing groan.

These heard the crew of that ill-fated bark,
While chilling horror crept thro' every vein ;
Now on the flood swift floated many a shark,
Of devilish form, that dwelt upon the main,

Whose task was ever near to be in wait
When any vessel pass'd upon those waves,
And bear wreck'd souls away with fiendish hate,
For few ships e'er regain'd fair pleasure's caves.

Now roll'd the blacken'd waves as mountains high,
And bore the bark upon their hellish foam ;
Then wildly toss'd it on the cliffs hard by,
And pleasure's victims sunk to watery home.

How many fell in dark oblivion's gloom
I may not tell upon my weeping page,
Nor thro' what scenes were dragg'd unto their doom,
To meet eternity's ne'er ending age.

One only 'scap'd—he whom I said before—
And he not easily—for hard his might
Had long to struggle e'er he gain'd the shore,
And with those devilish sharks had fierce to fight.

Slow up the cliffs with weary pace he toil'd,
To rest on peaks, alas ! were task too hard ;
And still his hard-won ascent oft was foil'd,
And crags impassable oft progress barr'd.

At last he gain'd, by many a weary round,
The cliff's high top, and there reflective stood ;
While yet his feet embrac'd but slippery ground—
Below flow'd pleasure's lake and hell's aye boiling flood.

He turn'd in horror from the sea of hell—
But ah, sad sight ! to see so many more
Borne on, regardless by the current's swell,
To end of pleasure's richly blazon'd shore.

He wav'd his hands to them with gesture wild,
And call'd out warningly for them to care ;
And piteously entreated every child,
By pleasure witch'd, to turn while all was fair.

But the gay votaries still drunk with ease,
Despis'd his warning, and yet floated on ;
“ Our songs are fairer far, methinks, than these—
Ah ! blinded wretch, he ne'er was of our throng.”

He turn'd his eyes to heaven and wrung his hands,
"Oh, sad infatuation!—why did I
E'er leave my native home and sorrow's land,
To pass that luckless strait unknowing by?"

"I knew not then of passion or of joy;
For I, ungrateful, could not think me bless'd,
Nor knew my soul was in a good employ,
While weeping o'er the world, with broken rest.

"Ungrateful man! who spurns the joys that lay
Within his lap, and seeks them in some spot
Form'd by the moonshine of his fancy's ray,
Beyond the reach of this world's mortal lot."

He turn'd away with shrug of weeping mind,
And on the crag's high top resum'd his way;
Thinking of those whom he had left behind,
Who despis'd warning and preferr'd to stay.

Brambles and briars foul, and prickly thorns
Beset him as he pass'd with cruel fang,
And tore his body with relentless power,
Till all existence seem'd one gnawing pang.

And hidden serpents hiss'd as he pass'd by,
More dangerous because they lay conceal'd;
Tho' he provok'd not them with step or cry,
They only their corruptness thence reveal'd.

At last his pilgrimage is ended, here,
O, blessed York! he bows beneath thy shrine,
Finds here his med'cine for despair or fear,
And tastes the hallow'd joys of hope divine.

Ah, lovely antidote! that calms the soul,
And spreads around the light of heavenly peace;
Religion bright! that stay'st the storms that roll
Across the heart, and bids each turmoil cease.

Ah, happy land! within whose holy breast
Religion is made honourably fair,
Around thy name shall pious glories rest,
And never-fading chaplets grace Britannia's hair.

With our good Church fair fame shall ever dwell,
And spread renown throughout each farthest vale,
Till mightiest bards a peasant's joy shall tell,
And princes, blushing, hear the virtuous tale.

Where is the blot which most hath stain'd thy name
My country lov'd ? look for it in the hour
When sank the Church and murder stalking came
To glut with royal blood its thirsty power.

Poor Charlie Stuart ! great and pious king !
How well thou liv'dst, how gloriously didst die !
Thy death throughout the land shall ever ring,
And bid fanaticism far from us fly.

Let us take warning from thy cruel death,
And bid the bloodhounds of false liberty away,
Lest we, infected by their envious breath,
Be led from out our loyalty's fair way.

What is the use of memory ? but this—
To be instructive to our future ways,
And guide our feet, lest they should step amiss,
By the experience of our former days.

And what are histories, but memories long liv'd ?
Blest be the man that writes the faithful page,
He who to depths of truth hath downward div'd ;
Long shall he live with truth from age to age.

Oh, lovely York ! proud seat of Roman fame !
Let everlasting honours round thee twine,
While bards of glory guard thine ancient name,
And sing of Severus and Constantine.

But ah ! the glory of thy modern days
Is not so great as that thou had'st of yore ;
For villany, alas ! hath stole thy praise,
And faction sunk, e'en to thy city's core.

The days of miracles are now gone by,
Or else Religion's power within thy shade
Might make each devil far beyond thee fly,
And all the sins which on their back had stay'd.

Thy lot afflicts my soul in the sad while
I gaze upon thee, and now mark thy form ;
How still is time ! but ah, how full of guile !
Far more destructive than the mightiest storm.

Thy rulers once were royal, sprung from Rome ;
Great emperors they were, commanders of the world ;
They made thy city honour'd in their home,
And thence the flag of greatness outward furl'd,

Till it pass'd far throughout Britannia's land,
And nurtur'd in its shade Old Albion's plains ;
High rose the castle in sublime command,
And quell'd their Pictish foes and war's foul pains.

The warrior then rode o'er the bending vale,
And peasants linger'd in the beauteous scene ;
One charm'd the other with romantic tale ;
The other gave reward by courteous mien.

And peace and happiness came from thy towers
Like heavenly balm, and rested on each head ;
Briton or Roman—they who'd mighty powers,
Or they, who in obscurity own'd humble shed.

Where is thy glory which had charm'd the earth ?
Where is the greatness that all men admir'd ?
And where those great ones of such mighty birth ;
Whose souls with acts heroic all the world had fir'd ?

They liv'd in history and live in thee,
As thou in them hast liv'd in olden days ;
I, to their memories now bend the willing knee,
And for their sakes bestow on thee this praise.

No more their barges curl thy river's breast—
No longer sounds of royalty arise ;
Their authors now have found a glorious rest,
While on their graves tears fall from Albion's eyes.

Thy rulers now are editors and press ;
Save for the church which part upholds thy fame,
And blooms, like flower in desert wilderness,
To twine a chaplet round thy modern name.

How vile ye editors, your papers too !
Ye who uphold a thing for faction's sake ;
Turn ye for shame unto the ancient blue,
Nor put your country's very life in stake.

How the pope minds ye with applauding smile,
And for your sinews makes the iron chain !
By your own hands, so mighty is his guile,
That his vile priests may trample on your pain.

But I must leave thy city, tho' my heart
Has lov'd it well, but known so short a time ;
Would that of life, I a much longer part
Might wear within the sound of thy full chime.

I to a land less lovely must away,
Where chimneys huge above the earth arise,
Spreading a gloom e'en round the brightest day,
And most obnoxious fuming to the skies.

Where no good health can greet my wearied form,
Nor heavenly breeze untainted fan my brow ;
Where summer blooms not, but where winter storm
Bites with its native force 'mid frost and snow.

Ah, cruel fortune! that hath cast me there,
Made wan my cheek and lustreless mine eye,
And cramped me with old age and gnawing care,
Ere yet sweet youth has come alluring by.

Leave I thee, York! and all thy quiet joys,
For such a modern dung-hill, doubly foul?
To give thy quietude for deafening noise,
Which grates the ear, and aye offends the soul?

Leave I the openness of thy good homes,
To be insulted by a pigmy crew,
Which strut and swell, all filled with empty wind,
Whose inmost feelings noble thoughts ne'er knew?

I leave thy shores which regal feet have trod,
Whether contentedly I will not say,
But bid farewell unto the hallow'd clod
Where many a saint has bent his pious way.

Then fare ye well, ye mighty ponderous walls !
Ye huge grey tow'rs that soar above the sky !
A duty elsewhere hence my presence calls,
To which, with caring wing I needs must fly.

And tho' I ne'er again may visit ye,
Yet in my memory ye shall have place ;
And tho' grey years may roll across my heart,
I still will think of *you* through time's dim space.

KIRKSTALL ABBEY.

SEE how yon ruin rises in the vale,
Great in its old age, dignified by time ;
The last remembrance of that age's tale,
The last sad echo of the convent's chime.

The world doth hate thee, so I'll love thee well,
And long to come within thy lengthening shade,
For thou to it a mighty tale dost tell,
And art a conscience to it to upbraid.

Vain, would-be wisdom swells the heartless town ;
(True wisdom shuns it and seeks lonely glen)
Forth the newspaper's mandates make it known,
All other times were fools, but now are all wise men.

Haply some genial spark falls on man's heart,
And wakens there the fire of nature's flame ;
He curses then the town, and all its art,
And to some solitude conveys his frame.

There sitting 'neath thy long and lonely aisle,
Where contemplation walks, 'mid shadows grey,
Methinks I see him casting off his guile,
And to his native feelings giving way.

See how he beats his breast with heart-wrung blow,
While tears of sorrow roll adown his face,
And writhing wrinkles curl upon his brow !—
His grief will leave some long remember'd trace.

But ah ! remorse is but a sorry food
To hungry man ! the night is closing in,
The ravens caw to still their craving brood,
And the near river rushes with wild din.

“Where shall I turn ?” the hapless wanderer cries,
“Shall I deep yonder make my watery grave
And never from my damn’d oblivion rise,
While howling waters may above me rave ?

“And have I found my conscience then at last ?
Sorry companion for the coming night ;
Haunted by all the shadows of the past ;
Sepulchral spectors grinning on my sight.

“O, Editors ! is conscience such a mighty thing ?
Whose name so oft my pen hath ta’en in vain ;
Would that I ne’er had been so foul a thing,
And had my choice to pluck at once again.”

He leaves the ground, the hallow’d ground of love.
Night in such spot affrights the guilty soul ;
But we, who ’mid the ruins reverent rove,
May bid base fear upon the wild winds roll.

There haply we may meet some hoary sire,
Warm from the bosom of his native earth,
And from his soul may catch poetic fire,
And learn of things which this age ne'er gave birth.

But hark ! some bell is tolling on the air,
And o'er the hill the flickering lights appear ;
The townsman gazes round about him there,
And thinks the town is haply to him near.

To-morrow comes, the paper vaunting tells
The lovely visit to the lovely scene,
And with a world of huge bombastic swells,
Praising the ruin, river, and the green.

A long encomium closes up the page,—
“They might build Abbeys we will better build,
Building more firm the blisses of our age,
And all our souls with fair refinement gild.”

To-day thus owns what yesterday denies,—
“To-day a dinner gives, but yesterday
No dinner gave to stop our stomach's cries ;”
Flatteries thus live, and studies thus decay.

Oh, ruin! ghost of greatness! heave thine head;
High let it tow'r majestic to the sky;
We will be friends, in friendship's bond still le ,
And let our darts upon the base age fly.

Vile grov'lling thing! the vaunter of a day,
A tawdry monkey drest out for a show!
A lightsome whore, in stolen finery gay,
Whose features swell with an un-native glow!

O, what a sickening sight for honest eyes,
All solemn feeling buried in the earth,
And thinking wisdom, never more to rise;
While on their graves rolls vain and noisy mirth.

Thy ruin'd aisles, with mantling ivy crown'd,
Thy cluster'd pillars, wrapp'd in fond embrace;
Thine empty cloisters, and each mossy mound,
'Neath which our fathers find a resting-place;

Thy crumbling tower, that lifts its head o'er all,
And seems to weep above its ruin'd frame;
Thy statu'd niche and stately carved stall,
Robb'd of their splendours, but not robb'd of fame;

All wake sad sorrow's inmost heart-felt sigh,
The pious thought to love the holy shrine
Where our monastic sires once lifted high
Devotion's voice unto the Power Divine !

These walls have heard the solemn organ tone,
Those arches seen the stately lengthen'd train,
Thro' where are seen the beauties of the lawn,
Once richly shone the hue of blazon'd pane.

With care tread here above the silent dust,
With reverent eye, search for the moss-grown tomb ;
Tho' now thou livest, one day thou, thou must
Resign thy splendours for oblivion's gloom ! *

Another age too may revile thy name,
A coward age, vers'd in base arts like this,
When thou canst not stand by to guard thy fame,
Then at thy memory the wretch may hiss.

* Perhaps the critics may rail at me for this expression, but I will not strike it out. The hint may be salutary to those men, who, from their neglect, and even scurrilous abuse of the dead, seem not to think that they themselves will have to descend into the jaws of the grave.

My curse upon his head, who hates his sire ;
May he ne'er have a son to bless his life,
May he ne'er know to feel a husband's fire,
But all his days be days of hate and strife.

EVENTIDE.

How lovely is thine hour, O ! Eventide,
That hour of boundless joy, when care no more
Rolls its thick mandates through the busy door
Where meet rich men in all their wealthy pride ;
Now may I learn such folly to deride,
And see the picture black before me laid ;
The fine-cloth'd sins that move in high parade,
In gaudy pomp that cloaks the guilty soul,
The half-hid crimes that swell the mighty roll,
And make profession seem but empty shade.

Hour of reflection ! gazer on the mind !
When moving twilight steals along the vale,
And makes the hoary cliffs seem dim and pale.
When tinkling rills slow murmur to the wind,

And the sad cushat calls, his love to find,
When Philomela 'gins her mournful song ;
And dreaming notes rise from the feather'd throng
Which careless sleep, perch'd on some mossy bough
While home returning herds of cattle low,
And lovers move their lonely paths along.

Now 'fore mine eyes the busy world is spread ;
Fair pleasures roll, and cares their victims bite,
And statesmen pass, and *patriots full of spite*,
Patriots, so call'd to please the ambitious head ;
Crowns, coronets, and mitres low are laid,
Huge battles fought ! and man kills brother man,
While deck'd out honour leads the murderous van.
Religions change, lands rise, and others fall ;
To day man's great, the next day worse than small ;
Myriads fall down beneath death's mighty ban.

I turn my sight from off the sickening scene.
Rise, gentle moon, from out yon silver cloud
That sits upon the mountain, gloomy brow'd ;
Let thy fair rays now break the boughs between,
And clothe in softer hue the bending green ;
Gilding the church tower and its shooting spire,

So I may fix my thoughts and motives higher,
And look to heaven for balm to heal my wound,
Which Adam sent me from fair Eden's ground,
And burn out those mine own with holy fire.

CARE.

SECURE from cares and troubles here I'll reign
The happy monarch of my own domain ;
Let care-dogs bark, and I will laugh out-right,
And in my happier soul defy their spite.
What matters it that wealth may kiss our feet,
Can it thus make our happiness complete ?
Ah, no ! its clinking but corrupts the mind,
Charming the ear, while vice the soul may bind.
Wealth is but care ; 'tis worth no better name,
For wealth ne'er leads us on the road to fame ;
Ah ! quick methinks its wheels would run aside,
Were there no soul the ruling helm to guide.
Why needs yon worldling pore above his purse,
Will its depth buy him clear of nature's curse ?

Can he that offer at the shrine of death,
Or bribe the hand that fain would cut his breath ?
O no ! 'tis true that purse will damn him more,
And make the fiends yell with more savage roar :
That purse may gild his coffin, but the clay
Within will rot, heedless of night or day.
Unless I know to use the blessing given,
Avert this wealth from off my head, O Heaven !
For I were better poor in worldly gear,
Yet rich in mind, than if the bounteous year
Roll'd all its stores prolific to my hand,
Or fortune put the world 'neath my command.
Care is a worm that feeds on hearts of kings,
(As soon the maggot revels in rich things,)
Nor yet are queens protected from its gnaw,
The heart still flutters 'mid the gorgeous show ;
The pomp of pageantry, the sweeping train,
May charm the eye, but court the soul in vain.
O Royalty ! the preying worm salute ;
(When truth dictates the bard may not be mute.)
Thou art its victim and it is thy Lord,
Tho' realms may bow beneath thine awful word ;
The worm, foul care, will gnaw its living prey,
Then give to death and other worms the clay.

O Queen Victoria ! what a tale of gloom,
For bard to sing about thy youthful bloom,
And thy sweet brow, tho' wreath'd with fair renown,
Must give to death what life gives to a crown.
But ah ! methinks this is a sorry song !
Who can be merry and think on yon throng
That reels along the streets, bedrunk with care,
Or perhaps vice may claim no little share ?
O let me wander far from ruthless town,
And seek some spot which nature calls her own,
Where I may rest among fair flowers mine head,
And, if so fate, with some soft blushing maid ;
There I may think he who the lilies dress'd,
Alone can ease the soul with care oppress'd.
Where feather'd songsters tuning wild their lays,
May carol up to heaven their grateful praise ;
Thankful that they the present hour may live,
Nor wondering what the coming day may give.

WINTER.

THE blasts of winter whirl about the land,
The dreary storm rolls o'er the shuddering world,
The lakes are still'd by winter's icy hand,
And the black flag of darkness is unfurl'd.

Is hell let loose upon the furious wind ?
Can aught, save spirits, make so sad a wail ?
Enough, methinks, to fright the hardiest mind,
And make mankind dread the sad "winter's tale."

Where are the shoeless beings of the earth,
Without a friend, without a sheltering home,
Without a smile to give a joyance birth,
Fatherless, loveless o'er the world who roam ?

Bite hard their feet, O earth ! o'erspread with frost ;
Howl round their ears, ye furious winds, still howl,
Ye may the body many pinches cost,
But, ah ! the body's pains will screen the soul.

Long we for summer ? O, ungrateful crew !

Rail we not on the seasons as they fly ?

Have we not homes plac'd yet within our view ?

Need we in winter long for summer's sky ?

Had we no winter, what a flowerless spring

Would greet our eyes ! no goodly store

Of fruits be ripen'd by the zephyr's wing

That brings the summer's heats in kindly hour.

Vermin would eat the land, no cheering grain

Would wave its golden billows o'er the vale ;

But desolation would alone remain,

And mock the former years by its stern tale.

Welcome, then, winter, blessed time of home !

See round the hearth how swells the social bliss !

The sire's advices when the lovers come,

The mother's fond, enraptur'd, doating kiss.

THE LAYING OF THE GHOST.

THE village clock told out the hour of noon ;
The wizard started at its sound so soon,
And strangest words from out his dark lips fell
As the trim door he clos'd to weave his spell.

The ghost that nightly walk'd its shadowy rounds,
And scar'd the peasants from their rural grounds,
Must to its grave of death be calmly laid,
For this the widow to old Marco pray'd.
From the dark caverns of the gloomy deep
He call'd his spirits up his will to keep :
His summons flew around each hill and lake
Whose genii to their mighty master take.
There stand in dread array around his form
The chieftain spirits of the howling storm,
Who to their envoys their lord's will unfold,
Which to a host in waiting soon is told.
All with commands of might are soon oppress,
To expel the spirit from its earthly rest.
Soon lower'd the storm above the quailing land,
And all clung breast to breast and hand to hand.

The furious spirits of the roaring sea
Refus'd great Neptune's sway, tho' mighty he,
And wrench'd his trident from his ample palm,
Then roll'd it quickly o'er the untroubled calm.
Swift flew the winds from out their ocean caves,
And taught to rise in rolling leaps the waves ;
Then as they roll'd high surges on the shore,
They pounc'd on trembling lands with hideous roar.
Down fall the trees with doubly horrid crash,
And the earth groans for the unsightly gash
Made by the uptorn roots which loose their hold
Of fostering clod, and let its breast wax cold.
High chimneys totter and huge gables fall,
And limbs are mangled 'neath the ruin'd wall.
The housewife trembles by her lazy wheel,
And frighted children round the cottage reel.
A luckless wight upon that luckless day,
With aged mother,* on a luckless May,
Was sore belaboured by the furious storm,
Whose winds hard batter'd his poor shivering form.

* If any one should be curious to know who this "luckless wight" and his "luckless mother" were, and what business they had there, they were the author's "sublime self" and his mother, on a pilgrimage from one county into another.

Long 'fore them lay a drear extent of moor,
No friends were near nor friendly cottage door,
Save one, which, in the distance, rear'd its head
On the wild heath where frightened lapwings fled.
The heather bent beneath the rushing blast,
As o'er the moor with whirling force it past ;
And when it lighted on the mountain stream,
High rose the spray in middle air to gleam.
They ran perforce, they could no longer stay,
For the wind forc'd them on their heathy way.
At last, O joyous sight ! a thing on wheels nigh came
To ease the troubled youth and sobbing dame.
It was no labour for the trotting horse,
Save to hold back the gig from its impetuous course.
The spirit, restless, fled to every hill,
And sought concealment by each friendly rill ;
Fathom'd the darkness of each gloomy den ;
Flew to the clouds and back to earth again.
But all in vain, so quick its course pursued
The envious agents ; and again renew'd
With vigour doubled the ill-fated chase,
Till the poor ghost was driven from out each place,
And fiercer tumult of the race began,
Between the spirit and the hellish clan.

Swift, on a cloud of steam, parading on,
Dens'd from the waters of boil'd Acheron,
First came the spirit o'er the waving wood,
The unearthly leader of a ghastly brood.
Next followed he, the highest in command,
Whose voice drops curses on the injur'd land ;
And as he flew, he beckon'd those behind,
With his curl'd tail cut the sulphurous wind.
How long that chase did last I may not say,
But the storm ended at the close of day ;
And nature sunk once more in calm repose,
More welcome to mankind for the storm's woes.
The wizard thus had well perform'd his part,
And eas'd the widow of her aching heart ;
But ne'er again upon the earth, I ween,
The spirit by mankind was ever seen.

AGRICULTURE.

LOUDLY the strains arise of merry chanticleer,
As on the village roof he doth uprear
His plumed head, the harbinger of morn,

That scares nocturnal damp and dews forlorn.
By him aroused, all the feather'd train
Begin, with cheerful note, their morning strain ;
Whose welcome peals above the earth arise,
High up to God who dwells beyond the skies.
The hoarse-voic'd rook rises amid the trees,
And with his music swells the morning breeze ;
While on the pinnacles of yonder tower,
The daws are risen to welcome day-break hour.
While these attune their songs to heaven fair,
The buzzing insects float in lively air,
And nature all awakes from out her bed,
And bends on useful schemes her planning head.
See from the roof where woodbine creeps entwined,
The playful smoke curls on the morning wind ;
And now more backward is the wicker drawn,
While a fair form steps on the grassy lawn.
Nanny, in loose undress, has ventur'd out,
Thinking her safe from glance of clownish lout ;
And, oh, what charms swell on that heaving breast,
What heavenly graces on each dimple rest !
And smiles that might befit an angel's face,
Sport on her beauteous mouth with winning grace !
Straight to the limpid brook she bends her way,



Whose banks were blest with many a flower full gay ;
While at the bourn's fair head it trickled hoarse,
And a broad leaf was guide into its course.
Lowly she bent to catch the crystal stream,
Which glanc'd with silvery hue from morning beam ;
Loose o'er her neck the playful ringlets flow'd,
And in the crystal waters well-nigh glow'd.
A rustling sound amid the hedge was heard,
Too loudly strong to be a fluttering bird ;
Young Nanny started—then her eye descried
The youthful form of Edwin at her side.
In whispers for a moment they commune,
Then Edwin, as he sings a joyous tune,
Betakes his way, and o'er the hedge he leaps,
While Nanny on his form her eyes long keeps ;
And as her bosom heaves a tender sigh,
These words, half spoke, out from her fair lips hie,
“ Surely no guile can lurk within yon breast,
But virtue there must reign o'er all the rest.
He'll not deceive me—so I'll give my heart
To join with his in band which nought can part.”
Then to her home she straight betakes her way,
And enters 'neath the door of cottage grey.
Cheerfully blazes out the crackling fire,

While in the nook beside it sits her sire;
With contemplation calm succeeding to repose,
In humble bliss which pamper'd vice ne'er knows.
Full busy bustling in each corner's seen
The caring housewife, fairly clad and clean,
Arranging matters with a studious care,
To make the lovely cot seem yet more fair.
Then to their morning labour each must go
To tend the corn or milk the grateful cow,
Whose streams refresh them at the morning meal,
Making pure health throughout each fibre steal.
The day begun, it passes onward still
In mild endurance of the heavenly will;
And not unthankful for the bliss that's given,
They yield their prayers unto high ruling heaven.
They ever catch the draught of purest breeze,
Which fans the garden fair and teeming trees,
Which from the earth produce a mighty store,
To fill the lap of man with blessings more.
Theirs are the waters of the limpid streams
That gush from out the earth and catch the beams,
Creative of the heavenly light,
Till palaces they seem, so wond'rous bright
That spirits might upon their sand-banks dwell,

And guard, with pious love, each beauteous well.
No work of art, e'er wrought beneath the sky,
Can with these favour'd springs in beauty vie.
Each shelf's a throne, each blade of herb a wand,
Such as might serve a water-king's command ;
While every pearly stone that low uprears,
Is ample seat for many spritely peers.
Thus in enjoyment of the things bequeath'd,
They spend the breath which God has in them breath'd,
Nor ever murmur at their humble lot,
Nor wish to dwell in nobler home than cot.
With love enthusiastic of the hills,
And trees, and woods, and all which nature fills,
They'll not forget, methinks, the mighty source
That brings the seasons in unerring course.

MANUFACTURE.

HEAR ye that din ? it is the factory's growl,
Such as the fiend vents o'er the vanquish'd soul,

In regions where the dam'd are doom'd to lie,
Plagu'd with tormenting pains which never die.
Look at the edifice which yonder stands,
Whose cursed chimney blights the neighbouring lands ;
Story on story rears its blacken'd face,
Studded with windows numberless to trace :
While from small outlets bursting the steam flies,
Veiling, with misty cloud, the azure skies.
But inward look, while open is the door,
And see the beings moving on the floor :
Nearest a female stands, youthful in years,
And on her face a sickly look appears ;
Caught from the nauseous air which round her glows
In the dim room where pure breeze never blows—
Ah, how unwomanly withal her mein !
About her brow no modesty is seen !
But rage and laughter, equal in their turn,
Glance from her eyes, and in her language burn !
Her honour lost, she fears no public gaze,
Nor shrinks from out the busy crowded ways ;
Her heart, so harden'd, beats her breast within,
She follows without shame, her course of sin.
Insulting strangers by her fearless stare,
She wildly moves without fair virtue's care ;



And if they shrink beneath her brazen eye,
Convulsive laughs from out her foul mouth fly.
Love to her parent from her breast has fled,
She smooths not with her hands his hoary head ;
But he goes childless to his aged grave,
While none appear his blessing last to crave.
Thus she goes on without one single good
To guide her on the path to womanhood.
Ah, how unfit to wade the pool of life,
Having no power to stay the vicious strife !
And when at last she joins in wedlock's band,
And 'fore her God presents her plighted hand,
No reverence marks her mein or stays her eye,
But round with fearless fire her glances fly.
As if withal to bully Heaven she seem'd
To think it light : nor of importance deem'd
The reverential eye and modest mein,
Which at the shrine of wedlock should be seen.
With such a mother how will children grow ?
Or where the blooms of honest virtue blow ?
The fiend too early cares about the seed,
And in each core springs up a horrid weed.
All, all the anxious cares which are requir'd,
And all which could a mother's breast have fir'd,

In payment of the loan to heaven due,
Are sore neglected.—Ah ! my tale's too true.
Prayer and devotion are the last of things,
That ever strike to heaven their grateful strings,
Or ever greet the children's youthful mind,
Or with the wav'ring passions conflict find.
Each vice is foster'd with some fair pretence,
And nurtur'd well within the growing sense.
Is this exaggerated ? tell me, ye
That praise the system with your wonted glee.
True, there are some exceptions, tho' I ween
Few in my yet short course I e'er have seen.
But list ye to the patron's *noble* speech,
As on yon chimney's top I hear him screech ;
Proud of his elevation, there he stands
While satisfied, he sees the neighbouring lands,
“Thus to my will I see the work's been done
As well as I commanded when begun
This factory system, which sure is the best
Of all the things which on this land I've press'd
To work my schemes, which I in council laid
Before my great allies, to gain their aid.
Now must I plan fresh schemes to work my gain,
And to its labour set my kingly brain.

And now, methinks I'll first exert my care
To spoil all things that are in nature fair ;
So seeing nought in nature to admire,
Their hearts will part with all devotion's fire,
And soon forget the God which upward reigns,
And throws his beauty on the bowing plains.
'Tis well I yet have power to plague mankind,
And to my will their vain ideas bind :
For so I can revenge myself on God,
And laugh defiance at his awing nod :
And too, on man his fav'rite wreak my spleen,
Forcing his homage by my wiling mein.
First I will shake yon church's hoary power,
And make it reel in spite of buttress'd tower ;
Thus bending down to earth my greatest foe,
And striking to religion the last blow :
And well I'll spur the vanity within
The people's hearts and push them on to sin ;
Teaching the youth to think marauders all
Who rose to station at their country's call.
Reform in parliament, hail glorious name !
Forg'd in dark hell by fiends of mighty fame,
With thee I'll make my kingdom doubly strong,
Throwing thy poison'd draughts the crowds among.

Sweetest hypocrisy ! whose name well fits
Mouths of vain things on whom ambition sits,
And whom by their ambition I'll so lead,
That of my other powers I'll have small need ;
And as before I did, so now I can
Make love of knowledge, ruin hated man.
But not alone of that name I'll make use,
But sacred liberty I'll e'en abuse ;
And with its name coupled to fair reform,
No doubt I'll raise a most propitious storm.
Too, radicals, I'll make, for I was first
That e'er a ruler's bondage dar'd to burst,
And am most meet to foster by mine aid
The *glorious* principle which first I made.
Then fare thee well, good spot, and as before
Lend thy propitious help to me once more ;
And, too, ye chimneys, let your vapours rise
With smell offensive to yon heavenly skies ;
And all mine other schemes work with renown,
Till ye have pull'd yon church regardless down.
Reform, be valiant, and thou'lt gain thy meed,
And liberty, likewise, do well my heed."
Thus ended he of most unearthly hue,
And, clapping his curst wings, away he flew.

THE CHESS CLUB.

O for a whip of hundred lashes made ;
For this a thousand times my mind hath pray'd ;
But I will make a scourge of this my rhyme,
To lash the robbers of God's precious time.
Swift goes the billet out from C to A,—
"The party's at my house at close of day ;"
The day is spent in courting glittering gain
Vile, soul-corrupting stuff—and then again,
When night comes on he spends his time at chess,
And makes the precious little doubly less.
See, see, they come—the fashionable crew ;
O ! what a sight to greet a Briton's view !
Cockneys and puppies, idiots, would-be-wise,
Vain swellers of bombast, with scorning eyes ;
A mighty mess of tradesmen are they all,
And these themselves *enlighten'd gentry* call.
Cunning in art, some, eager, seek the game,
While others commend this, at that declaim.
One gives his judgment on his neighbour's choice,
Another eulogizes Grisi's voice.

One tells the brilliance of my lady's ring,
Another how the fair Miss H. can sing.
Some quiz the beauties of the last new book,
Or talk of "Hear the Church and doctor Hook!
That glorious man, in this age, first was known,
To do his duty to the British throne :
But, ah ! the doctor had no need to whine,
Right in his cause he was the true divine ;
Nor was he learnt to steer his dubious way
By flattering congregations for his pay.
Your voluntary system O ! ye rips
Would give the land into the devil's grips.
To write a satire was my first impression,
Forgive me, chess-men, for my short digression ;
I know not right the complimentary phrase,
But spurn the fashions of our modern days.
Are ye the men who to the world would be
Your fathers' more illustrious progeny ?
For shame ! for shame ! read o'er your history's page,
Nor let such sophistries your minds engage ;
Ye think not as your great forefathers thought,
What history learnt them and their lives had taught ;
They learnt to scan the passions of the soul,
Find out the failings, and learn the control.

Ah ! rather say, that ye think not all
Flattery's your element, ye breath it all in all.
Learn then from me, to talk is not to think,
And let me pluck you from oblivion's brink.
I have spent hours in watching o'er my mind,
While dullard ye have call'd me, most unkind,
And on my suffering head your insults hurl'd,
Hear it ye winds, and waft it o'er the world.
Are there no wounds in the community ?
No jeering discord, for fair unity ?
No saddening pictures of the course of grief,
To which your hand might timely bring relief ?
Look ye around : behold your fellow-men !
At each fresh view, what horror greets your ken !
God gave no joys for you to clutch alone,
Ye should be envoys from his sacred throne,
To spread His blessings 'mong the human race,
And tinge with light of joy the expressive face.

ADDRESS TO THE GENTRY

(SO CALLED)

OF A CERTAIN MANUFACTURING TOWN IN THE WEST-RIDING
OF YORKSHIRE.

SHALL I invoke my muse, good *gentry* say,
To sing the windings of your *virtuous* way?
If so, I'll bid her first to horrid hell,
Where everlasting smokes in darkness dwell;
So will she better tell what fiends *are* there,
And better like them unto tradesmen here.
Uncivil brutes ! across whose blighted souls
One kindly ray of goodness never rolls,
Nor shines to clear the gloomy depths within,
Where all is fill'd with cursed Mammon's sin.
No will, no power, no active movement theirs,
But that which centres in low grovelling cares,
To heap up gold, at best but shining dust,
With all the chuckling joy of miser's lust.
O! gentle tradesmen, who have stole by stealth
From the foul dunghill to your seat of wealth;
Is this the meed that ye for riches give
To live yourselves, yet sneer that others live ?

Is it with envy that your lip upcurls,
And burning fire from out your green eye hurls,
That a like mortal form yourself may see,
In station not disgrac'd, by heaven implanted be ?
Ah! well I see, yours is the soul that lies
Within his breast, who wag'd war in the skies
Against the Almighty's wisdom and his power,
Who swept his crew to hell in wrathful hour.
Beware, I warn you, lest the Almighty's hand
Should cut you off from out the living land,
And hurl repentless to a cursed grave,
For evil use of talents which he gave.
Are ye not number'd in your country's name,
To guard with pious hand her sacred fame—
To be as benefactors to her good,
And guard her peace from harm and flowing blood—
To teach the simple wishes of the poor—
To seek for kindness at your sheltering door ;
While they are aw'd by your example kind,
To seek to live like you in heart and mind ;
To help religion and its holy creed,
And teach men to revere its shrines indeed ?
Checking abuse upon each lying tongue,
Or healing up the wound which slander vile has stung.



Alas ! how contrary to what ye should !
Where in your hearts e'er dwells a passion good ?
Yours not the open hand, or kindly door,
That greets with sheltering porch the enquiring poor ;
No, ye condemn them with a heartless scorn,
And think to make you rich they were but born.
How different to the good old English squire,
Who cheer'd by hundreds at his christmas fire,
And rather thought he was but made to live,
That to their needful hearts he joy might give !
But, doubtless, he was ignorant and vile,
Who was not grac'd with modern air and style !
And for your country, ye uphold her fame,
But by the bootless logic of her name,
Thus they but know her blessings as they're told,
In vaunting phrase by dauntless speaker bold.
Most of the blessings that e'er sought our land
Are guarded by the church in union's band,
But of that church the people know no more
Than that it hath a steeple, and a door
Wherein the rich may enter, while behind
The poor may swell with sighs the heaving wind.
Know ye not that the church was sent from heaven,
And by a kind bequest to poor was given ?

But they, alas ! may never tell its joys,
Nor know that bliss nor moth nor rust alloys.
Ye had these blessings sent to ye of yore,
So do ye owe a duty to the poor,
To heaven and to posterity, whose fame
Rests secure only the church's name.
Ye will build mills and "*bastiles*" fast I ween,
And in the first the poor are toiling seen,
In preparation for the horrid fate,
Which in the *bastiles*' walls doth on them wait :
Such as were cruelty to vilest beast,
And for a fiendish joy too horrid feast.
O ! I do pray ye, let some churches rise
Above your streets, thus pointing to the skies ;
So ye your credit will henceforth redeem,
And in fair virtue's eyes more comely seem.
One of your race hath good example set—
Would that to every man ye'd follow it ;
Yet he but yields to heaven its rightful store—
He does his duty, and he does no more.

WRITTEN AFTER DISAPPOINTMENT.

How sweet to leave this world of lingering cares,
Of failing hopes and vice' intralling snares,
And seek the liberty which owns the soul,
That soaring takes its flight far from all base control.
There is a solace in the heart's own thought,
That roams at ease unfetter'd still by aught,
That mounts, nought fearing, to the vaulted sky,
And storms the regions which beyond it lie.
Tho' facts are here, yet to the flying mind
Visions of glories wing upon the wind—
Prophetic as it rolls upon the maze
Of years yet dim in future's misty blaze.
Thoughts form keen friendships, (for too many here
Fly as they breed, scarce lasting half a year),
Friendships that bind in love's unloosing chain,
And to the end of time firm as the rocks remain.
Will those we know pass thro' yon darksome grave,
And after meet beyond misfortune's wave?
Ah! it is sweet to know the few we love,
The few, who 'midst the failures, constant prove

Whom nature banishes from us awhile,
Will know in realms of joy a friend's endearing smile.
'Tis worth the while to live a life of woe,
To find one single friendship here below.
How happy then the man who smiling knows
That more than one lov'd bosom warmly glows,
That loves despite the furious storms of fate,
And, patriot-like, forgets his friend to hate.
Such is the man who for his country pines,
And longs to be within his native lines,
Tho' banish'd from her by his envious foes,
Who wreak their vengeance on his love's hard throes.
My thoughts still range above the lot of men—
At least above that of which I complain ;
But why complain ? 'tis not my pow'r to move
By heartless sighs the will of Heaven above.
I should not e'er complain of His decrees
Who with his guiding arm directs man's destinies ;
Then must I turn of need to grov'ling earth,
And kiss that misery's hand that gave my sorrows birth ;
Must I forbid my aspiring thoughts to raise,
And to my future lot direct their anxious gaze ?
Ah ! if so I must wander o'er my yet short life,
And pond'ring bring again those scenes of anxious strife.

Swift fled the happy days of childhood o'er,
And then came boyhood's time yet lov'd the more ;
I was then happy in the sunny day,
Wild in the fields 'mid nature's music gay.
I lov'd each rock and every angry flood
That forc'd its passage thro' the rustling wood,
Or roll'd with solemn force o'er cliff's high head,
Cradling the rainbow in its sprayey bed.
I knew each flower that grew upon the lawn,
Each bird that warbled welcome to the morn ;
And oft when all was still could clearly tell
The echos ringing in the lily-bell.
I had my little loves and little cares,
My daily wickedness and nightly prayers,
My morning songs and evening hymns of praise,
My mutter'd oaths and lightly caroll'd lays.
I had repentance, tho' but still a boy,
When chid by parents for forbidden joy.
I had all these—but soon the charm was fled,
And stern reality burst o'er my head ;
Like to the summer sky, which is one moment clear,
And the next darken'd by the storm cloud near.
But summer storms will last but for awhile—
Say, Fortune, wilt thou once more deign to smile,

And, like the storm, last but the moment o'er,
To make things brighter than they were before ?
Man lives in hope, and youth has most of all,
The reason here to wait her flattering call ;
Then will I cease complaint and ugly strife,
And fondly feed on Campbell's joy of life.

TO OLD ENGLAND.

STILL, still I love thee, O, mine old England !
Still do I honour thee, my native land :
Thy fair retreats, thy lovely rural vales,
Are fit to waken a young poet's tales ;
That he may sing of maids and pious loves,
Nurs'd aye religiously in silent groves,
Where false deceit to spoil maid dares not come ;
For virtue makes a throne in every home,
Where pure simplicity and holy thought
Keep watch above the minds with danger fraught,
And waves, with dignity, foul vice away,
Whose deeds aye shun the glance of searching day.
Honesty yet (sweet thought !) hath not ta'en wing,

As I in former rhymes was wont to sing :
But sooth to say it now is somewhat scarce,
For this, alas ! old England's day is worse.—
I've been provok'd to say what I have said,
By countless jeers and insults on my head—
By countless throes that hard have wrung my heart,
And twitch'd my soul with most corroding smart.—
Blest be the man who yet preserves his name
Bright and unsullied—pattern of true fame :
For such the name of our still-favour'd land
Shall be respected on far foreign strand ;
As far as where old ocean rolls his floods,
Or where the pole is lost in thickening woods ;
Where Russian bears prowl o'er the frozen snow,
Or where men shrink beneath the tropic glow :
Each land shall look on England, and admire
The son, wife, daughter, mother, and grey sire.
O ! what a lay for bard inspir'd to sing !
Tale of a peasant, or of ruling king ;
As once sang Shakspeare—England's greatest glory,
Who plac'd before our eyes the living story,
And in his lays, whatever were the kind,
Painted to life the movings of the mind.—
Who run to foreign lands, poor things are they,

To filch the stories that live but a day ;
Within them burns not the true poet's flame,
Which always most reveres its country's name ;
Which haply, if to foreign land it flies,
Goes but to fetch morality some prize ;
And by the charm of feign'd Italian skies,
Might rivet on the mind what else were dull
To them whose heads own little else but skull.

MY EIGHTEENTH YEAR.

AND it has come at last—the mighty time
That shatters tender youth with its stern frown,
And withers timelessly the tender plant
Of sickly hue, bereft of fair renown.
Ay, it is here ; e'en now I feel its pang
Damping the vigour of my youthful frame,
And scaring health, with many a horrid twang,
Making me dread the tyrant sickness' name.

But yet, why should not I, like other men,
Be chastis'd by my Maker's awful arm,
And taught to feel the burden of my sin,
When the sad world has lost its treacherous charm ?
Here am I living 'mid a busy world,
But little known and far less lov'd withal ;
By stern misfortune's arm relentless hurl'd
From out the seat which I oft long'd to call
Mine own : e'en independence, on whose gentle state
No man encroaches with his ruthless tongue,
Nor dares his haughty brow and eyes inflate
With gnawing twitch which tyranny has strung.
I have not wandered in a foreign land,
Nor fed my gaze upon Italian skies ;
Not even wander'd on my native strand,
Nor watch'd the curling billows boisterous rise.
I have not seen those peaks which rise remote
Upon the astonish'd and delighted sight,
Which ne'er are trod, save when the deer, hard smote,
Leads her pursuers to the giddy height ;
And which are soundless, save the waterfall,
Or when the alpine eagle plumes her flight,
The screams run echoing on the icy wall.
True, I gaze not on these, but yet I trust

I have a task far nobler here at home,
Than weeping over long departed dust,
Or gazing on the mighty reared dome ;
Or tracing olden legends or defaced bust,
Or 'mid old ruin'd halls to careless roam.
And yet my fluttering breast bears witness how
These things like nature cling around my mind,
And how, if fate permitted, my enquiring brow
Would root up olden stores strange things to find.
But for the living I must care e'en now,
And give all fancies to the flowing wind.

MARY MILLET.

WHEN shall I part with this life's irksome load,
And wing my way unto my waiting God ?
When will my soul for lost joys cease to grieve,
And I in death gain a long sought reprieve ?
Shadow, again I see thee walking by !
Again thou stalk'st before my trembling eye !
Hast thou not linger'd out thine earthy time,
Nor paid the penance of thy noble crime ?

For it was noble to revenge the stealth
Of thy fair honour—best of maiden's wealth!
Spirit, stay here, and I'll no longer wail,
But cheer thy presence with thine own sad tale.
Ah, dost thou leave me! spirit of my child
Whom I so lov'd, but now lament so wild!
Why hast thou vanish'd in the moonlight air,
And left me here to dark and sad despair?
Would that a spirit I could with thee fly,
And wander by thy side to yonder sky;
For thou in immortality art blest,
And from all worldly storms can quiet rest.
Still, still thy story haunts my brooding brain,
And mixes pleasure with a hopeless pain:
For thou did'st find in death a martyr's fame,
And heavenly choirs have sung thy glorious name.
Ah, beauteous change! Thou wert a mortal, now
An angel's glory shines around thy brow,
And thou art sent from heaven on message kind,
To lure from off the world thy father's mind.
I had no consolation, hadst thou not
Come kindly to behold mine earthly lot;
And come more fair than when thou wast on earth,
E'en there the fairest e'er thy land gave birth,

Methinks I see thee on that fatal night,
When like a modest star thou shon'st so bright,
And I within my heart bless'd thy kind care,
Nor knew what evil pended in the air.
Thou' in thy beauty, admiration drew
From out the lips of that foul bloody crew ;
With bloodiest leader of their damned force,
Who should have blest his land, but prov'd its curse.
Fair from his lips the words delusive came,
And cover'd with a cloak the hidden flame
Of veriest vice that ever bred in breast,
Or sought to spoil a virtuous maiden's rest.
"Pity so fair a form were clad so poor,
And be confin'd within so mean a door ;
Friend give thy daughter's hand to join with mine,
And she upon the earth a gem shall shine ;
And aye be clad in silken rustling gown,
While pearly strings shall 'mid her hair be thrown ;
Behind shall maids in soft obedience wait,
And watch with anxious eye their mistress' gait.
Wilt thou oppose such bliss ? To be my wife
Were good methinks, yet better far her life
A thousand times than that for my exchange ;
Grant thou my suit—so will I bless my change."

Did I refuse him? well thou know'st I did,
For straight came missiles at mine aged head;
Then pitiless I saw thee dragg'd away,
To what? O groaning earth thou say.
'Twould break my heart, and cleave my tongue in
twain,
To hear recounted that foul scene again.
I see it now—ah! my heart will not break,
They on her form, not mine, their vengeance wreak.
O memory! how mighty is thy power!
O! hence forsake me in my troubled hour.
See, see, they tie her to the fated tree;
Heavens! what a sight for me, her sire, to see!
And O! their shot hath lodg'd within her breast,
Her soul hath fled for such a leaden rest.
Poor soul! she for her murderers did pray;
Shall I then curse them all the live-long day?
No, she was holier than her aged sire;
O, listening world, think of her and admire!

TO SPRING.

GODDESS of beauty ! welcome art thou here ;
Thrice welcome, messenger of health and joy ;
A thousand hearts now hail the coming year
That gives to nature nature's own employ.

The sinews that whilom were weak with age,
So early grey grown by the late-liv'd year,
Now leave with gladden'd steps their wintry cage,
And leap across the lawn like bounding deer.

A thousand throats now warble out thy praise
Among the budding boughs which float in air ;
For thou hast visited the feathery race,
And rous'd the woodlark from his leafy lair,

No longer froze the wild-duck spreads his wing ;
The heron peoples now the lonely pool ;
His shrieks around the airy mountains ring,
Astounding clown and matted village fool.

The timorous maid now ventures on the green,
Forgets the legends which she heard of late,
And dances wildly in the woods unseen,
Unmindful of the fiend which christmas taught to hate.

At her return, fond eyes regard the fair,
For love has waken'd with the wakening spring,
And cupid flies amid the sunny air,
Throwing his darts of pleasurable sting.

I have oft wander'd by the woodland shade,
And watch'd each leaf unfold its tender cheek,
Afraid to trust the breezes of the glade,
Yet longing still the gladdening sun to seek.

Who would not leave the cares that wring the soul,
And shake such dust from off their eager feet?
Running to nature in enraptur'd mood,
Escaping from the world to some moss-grown retreat.

Sketch.

THE VILLAGE LANE.

SEE where the primrose 'neath the prickly thorn
Heaves its sweet head soft blushing to the morn,
Too humble to provoke its neighbour's ire,
Who vents on taller weeds its envious fire.
In feathery pride, see where the yellow palm
Hangs its light head and sheds its fragrant balm.
How noble look these elms, whose spreading boughs
O'erhang the lawn whereon the milch cow lows,
And the proud peacock swells its glittering train,
Shedding in splendour the sun's beams again.
And farther down the winding path appears
The village church tower, hoary in its years,
With scatter'd graves around, and tree of solemn yew,
Mourning above the earth from which it grew.
Here is no pride of heart, no chilling care,
No swelling pomp that snuffs the vital air ;
But each lays quiet in his mossy rest ;
Perhaps the humblest turf covers the heart once best.

The deeds of virtue, *not of vice*, are known,
But by the simple logic of a stone!
Do stones speak truth? 'Tis horrid when men die .
To greet their parting spirits with a lie.
Here shoots the woodbine, which at eventide
O'erheard the lovers' vows, when seated side by side,
And all was silent else, save mournful philomel,
Who to dim night alone her plaintive griefs would tell.
Sadly each night arose upon the gale,
The lovely language of her troubled tale;
For in that sacred hour no clown would dare
From off her bough the bird of eve to scare.
Mourns she her mate, kill'd by the cruel boy
Who from his pastor stole to glut his fiendish joy;
And threw the far-too-sadly fatal sling,
Which 'reft the wanderer of his airy wing?
Or does she wail above the plunder'd nest,
Where her fair offspring found their youthful rest?
Pity it is that music such as this
Should owe its origin to grief, not bliss:
Yet, sooth to say, most lovely earth-born things
Were drawn from sorrow's overflowing springs.

Sketch.

A MOUNTAIN SCENE.

HERE waves the gloomy pine above the verge
Of the dark ravine, while the foaming surge
Of mountain born, dashes below the rock,
And awful sounds like to an earthquake's shock.

The angry flood now leaps betwixt the tree
Whose trunk was sever'd by the flame's decree;
Then rushes with impetuous force the wave,
To the dark horrors of the goblin's cave.

Gibbering upon a grey and spray-wash'd stone,
The monarch of the cavern sits alone;
His meagre hands uphold the sceptred rod,
Which sways the bats who own him for their God.

No wide dominion his. Beyond the upward door
Of that dark gulph his spirit dares not soar,
But nervous waits he for the dying cry,
The prophet of the mangled mortal nigh.

TO PEACE.

HAIL, peace ! thou gift of kindest heaven,
To worthless mortals for their blessing given ;
Say where thou liv'st with sweet enlivening smile,
Where is thy dwelling in our lovely isle ?
O, well I ween where thou dost live e'en now,
With chaplets chaste entwind around thy brow,
And with thy friend's pure unreserved truth,
Dignified wisdom, and relenting ruth.
I know thou wander'dst round yon cottage shade,
And down the sloping aisle in woodland glade,
Where my polluted feet may never tread,
Nor thy sweet stillness hover round my head.
Yet not alone thy dwelling, peace, is there,
Thou oft art seen within the house of pray'r,
With tongue most mute and rais'd to heaven thine eye,
In faith bespeaking thy great Father nigh.
And oft thou sittest by the solemn lamp
Of midnight sadness, and of sickness damp,
Pointing with smiles unto the open leaf,
Whence flows the balm for wounded souls' relief.

O ! would thy smile would shed upon my breast
The gracious kindness of its heavenly rest,
And chase foul care from out its inmost core,
Bidding it sternly ne'er t' approach it more.

THE GREY PORTAL.

MANY have pass'd through that portal grey,
But fewer have peopled the lonely return,
For their heads are now laid on a pillow of clay,
And their hearts are as cold as the marble urn.

Oft hath grim death slain all in yon vale,
Thro' ages unnumber'd sole victor was he ;
No foe could e'er make those gallant hearts quail,
Ah ! valiant of heart, let the world weep o'er ye.

Death robb'd them of life, but the grave could not give
Back from those cold chests the souls that once
breath'd ;
His prize was their body, the soul would then live
In a lovelier land while the living still griev'd.

Mourn, mourn, fallen England, thy golden age,
Mourn for the sons that once hallow'd thy name,
Clinging still to that glory, thy history's page,
When the world once had shook, so great was thy
fame.

'Neath thy arch hath pass'd honour, O portal grey,
Silently mourning his doom to the grave,
While Britannia hath wail'd all the livelong day,
And planted a yew to be guard o'er the brave.

A SABBATH LANDSCAPE.

Ah, lovely scene! it is the Sabbath day,
And brightly shines the sun on yonder lea,
Gilding each tow'r and spire with its fair ray,
Each lonely brook and wide-expanding tree.

Far on the hill, see where the windmill high
Rears its proud head, its shadow thrown along,
While winged songsters soar unto the sky,
Sweet earthly angels singing heavenly song.

And what is it that loud rebounding peals ?
Flying majestic thro' the sweeten'd air ;
That lights on hall, on cottage, and on hills,
Where nought but nature and her own is there.

It is the church commandeth, for our God
Hath given it to her hands that she should reign
Within our land, and there with holy nod
Repress each passion proud and every humour vain.

THE BESIEGED MAIDEN.

THE sounds of warfare now had sunk to rest,
The 'siegers had now to their camps retir'd,
And night had come in moonlight mantle drest,
To still the blood which the day beams had fir'd.

A maiden lovely sought the city wall,
And wistful look'd into the forest shade,
With friendly voice she hail'd the sentry's call,
And to the breezes thus her sad tale made.



"O ye wild winds that fan my burning brow,
Soon will ye wave above my lover's head,
For he is breathing in yon camp below,
Surely remorse hath made his knotty bed.

"O whisper in his tent what now I say,
That by yon moon who casts her slender light
I'll tear his memory from my heart away,
Where long I've harbour'd him with image bright.

"Yon moon hath often watch'd us as we stray'd
Adown the windings of the silent grove,
While he a hundred vows hath to me made,
And sworn he lov'd me by the powers above.

"Tell him the love is gone from out my breast
Since he hath fought against our city fair,
Upon my bosom may some other rest,
For his false head shall never pillow there."

THE DESERTED.*

THE sad wind wails thro' the ruined hall,
And the court is deserted, and stable, and stall,
And sorrow reclines 'neath the portal grey,
Which late rung to the revels and songs of the gay.

The cormorant's wail is heard on the blast,
And the sea-gull screams loud to the cliffs drear
and vast,
And the hollow-voic'd billows resound thro' the cave,
They ring of the parted and tell of the grave.

And silent and lonely upon the stern tower
Stands the heir to the ruin and powerless power,
What grief stirs his cheek and what prideswells his eye
As he weeps o'er the glories for ever gone by!

* Written on reading Sir W. Scott's "Bride of Lammermoor."

“O dark is the spirit that lowers in gloom
O’er the hall of my forefathers laid in the tomb !
A stranger usurps with injustice the sway,
And wields the wrong’d sword o’er their mouldering
clay.

“Yet well wert thou ruin’d, O, desolate home !
Since the son of thy fathers in exile must roam,
And with cold-hearted strangers in sorrow must die
In a comfortless land with no loved friend nigh.

“O ! wither the heart that in villainous crime,
Hath kill’d thee, my father, while yet in thy prime ?
May stern fate blight his hopes, and for ever on earth
May that joy fly from him which he crush’d in my
birth.”

THE RUIN'D HALL.

THE ivy is twin'd round the towers now grey,
Which once the sons of the battle field trod,
And ruin'd the halls and silent the lay
That was tund'd by the hand now laid with the clod.

Thro' the sad storied windows with ivy entwin'd,
Gleams the flickering light on the lichen's grey stem
And the low hollow moan of the gathering wind
Seems the voice of a spirit that wanders again.

Ah! where are the sons of that ruined hall?
They are gone to the grave with their forefathers
old;
And honour hath twin'd a wreath round their fall,
And victory wept o'er the marble cold.

But their fame for ever shall float on the blast,
Be echoed by hills to the valleys again,
And maidens shall sing of their deeds while the last
Broken fragments shall tell where the ruins remain.

TO A WANDERING SEA FOWL.

WHY wanders so low thy radiant wing
 Which had 'fore fann'd the cliffs by the foaming deep?
 Oh! hast thou forgotten so fearless to spring,
 As when mountains of brine mov'd slow 'neath thy
 leap?

Or has the chill blast of the wintry air
 Unkindly froze hard thy sinews of flight?
 O! if so, but higher thy danger to dare,
 Would leave thy fair pinions in pitiful plight.

But sea-bird, beware, for the sportsman's keen eye,
 Which sparkles with joy for a feast such as thine,
 May have marked thy passage along the dim sky,
 And plotted the fall of the first of thy line.

No more shalt thou wander upon the hoarse wave,
 No more kiss the spray as it dashes thy breast,
 No more on the calm thy clear image shalt have,
 Nor on bulwarks of heaven thy weary wings rest.

For the foot that the fowler in vain tried to snare,
 And the eye that has witness'd a thousand lands
 Are fall'n to the sportsman in mountainous lair,
 And are stiffen'd and sightless in barbarous hands.

FAREWELL THOU SOUNDING SHORE.

FARE thee well, thou sounding shore,
 On thee I shall stray no more ;
 Ne'er in careless ease more wander,
 Where thy lovely streams meander.
 I have look'd my looking now,
 Fate's sad hand hath smit my brow.

Ye woods and grassy lawns, farewell !
 I in after time may tell
 Your beauties over to my soul,
 And think how oft my feet have stole
 Far from the ways of scorning men,
 And fled enraptur'd to each lovely glen.

Were I like Adam, owning such an Eve,
Thee my fair paradise I would believe,
Where I could 'scape from out the world's turmoil,
And live at ease, sole monarch of the soil :
Oh, how my stars would bless the happy day,
Driving foul care and envy far away !

O ! fickle fortune, mortal-jilting dame,
Who, free from thy decrees may call his name ?
E'en now I see thee standing by my side,
And eying all my fears with cherish'd pride.
May nought, O dame ! thy malice to me quell,
I go, I go, ye lovely scenes, farewell.

CRUSADER'S SONG.

WHY weep'st thou, my love, thine eyes sadly gleam-
ing ?
I go to a far distant land it is true ;
But why not let joy our absence relieving,
Be a solace when parted to me and to you ?

Dost thou doubt of my constancy, gentle my love ?
Ah ! banish for ever those fears from thy heart ;
Think not that thy lover could ever false prove,
Tho' the world should conspire us for ever to part,

Tho' in scenes that were fair, with fairer minds smiling,
My fortune by heaven for a while should be cast,
In the height of temptation thine image beguiling
Should bring me home safe to thy bosom at last.

SONG.

WILT thou, wilt thou roam with me,
Far, far away on yon rippling sea,
Where all the sad cares that afflict the soul
Are cast o'er my bark to the billows' roll ?

Ah ! couldst thou, couldst thou live with me long,
Where the evening hymn is the wild waves' song ?
Couldst exchange the view of yon waving trees
For the wing of the petrel that fans the sharp breeze ?

What tho' thy friends should be fewer there ?
So envy would rankle far less in the air,
And better to die on the foaming wave
Than by the false hearted be brought to the grave.

SONG.

THE milk maid now hath ceas'd her evening song ;
The grey of evening steals the air along ;
O why, my lover, dost thou linger so,
And wring my breast with such a longing woe ?

The tender flowers have sunk to quiet sleep ;
The linnet long has ceas'd her lord to weep,
And unto silent rest resign'd her dole,
Where dreams of peace may still her troubled soul.

The thrush no longer sings the praise of day ;
The woodlark's ceas'd to carol out his lay ;
Alone my dreary song of grief I sing,
Till thou the healing for my woe shalt bring.

URGE ME NOT HENCE.

URGE me not hence from the silent night,
To the glittering dance in the festive hall,
For here is a canopy stately and bright,
And lovelier far than the carved wall.

I would not flaunt in the gorgeous throng,
For the heart that I sigh for beateth not there,
And how could I smile at the flowing song,
When my breast for another was wasting with care?

The forest leaves in the passing wind
As it floats thro' the glade to the river's shrine,
A music more apt to the weary mind,
Than the warbling of thousands, tho' all but divine.

AN EVENING RAMBLE.

How sweet to wander o'er the flowery mead,
 Where the pale cowslip lifts its sickly head,
 Where boyhood wander'd, and where youthful care
 Was all forgotten when each friend was there !
 Ah ! happy days, which time hath stolen away,
 And left us here to wail our loss the day !

Sad wanders on that smooth and silent stream,
 On whose fair surface forest groves aye gleam,
 'Neath craggy cliff, and high impending wood,
 Heighten'd by moors full many a dreary rood,
 While frowns the crag o'er which proud Romille ran,
 With many a knight and chiefs of many a clan ;
 When the high hills rung to their hunting horn,
 Which scar'd the herons from the marsh at morn.

Peace to thy valley, O, most lovely Aire !
 And to the halls that stand majestic there ;
 Let music's notes be heard upon the breeze,
 Sigh to thy hills and float among the trees :

Let village milk maids dance upon the lawn,
And hail the coming of the blithesome dawn.
Shrill be the shepherd's pipe, and gay his love,
As forth at evening o'er the fields they rove.

O, let not discord's foully jarring lyre
Be heard to echo with infernal fire,
As once it did when foul contentious strife
Robb'd England's glory and its sons of life.
O! shame to thee, disloyal, heartless town,
That help the oppressors of thy royal crown;
Ah! that sad deed has robb'd thee of thy praise,
And sent thee down a scoff to other days.
Had the great Kighleys that within thee dwelt
In olden times but prophesy'd thy guilt,
How would their cannon straight have seal'd thy fate,
And they have left thee cursing in their hate.
O, noble death! O, sweet and glorious ill!
For England then had lov'd thy remnants still!
A nation would have bow'd unto thy shrine,
And lov'd the ruins that had thus been thine!
But thou, disloyal still, and foully bent,
Preservest yet thy damnable intent!
Thy country's ruin, and its glory's fall,

Are still thy wish and thine heart's only call.
O turn thee now while yet such tale is young,
Nor let false liberty allure thy tongue.
Thine only enemies are those thou call'st thy friends;
(Keen friends are they to gain their own foul ends)
Tho' cloth'd like sheep, they are than wolves more
 mad,
Devils incarnate, tho' so meekly clad.
But I will leave thee in thy reckless way,
And sing the beauties of thy cloudless day.

Leaving the shadows of thy minor stream,
Thy smoky mills immers'd in filthy steam.
(Meet representatives of earthly hell,
For in hell's hole vice and thick steams do dwell,)
We reach the valley of the limpid Aire,
Meandering wildly thro the meadows fair.
Proud are thy battlements, stern rocky wood !
Where the fell hawk soars o'er the rapid flood
And bears exultingly its limb-torn prey
To gorge its stomach on the cliffs of grey.

Thy pathless rocks are meet for poet's eye,
And the wild wailings as the winds pass by

Are music unto his enamour'd soul,
Which scorns all else save nature's own control.
Thy halls are fair and form'd by nature's might,
Where fairies revel in the depth of night ;
In many a wild fantastic ring they fly
Athwart the moon-beams from them to the sky ;
While envious goblins at devotion meet,
And tread the mazy aisles with printless feet :
With choir of bats which scream a horrid sound,
And wake the mandrake echoes under ground.
With reverence tread I on the ivied way
Bestrew'd with leaves in autumn's winds turn'd grey,
For now the fairies dance, tho' to the view
Of mortal eyes no wonders rise anew,
(Save to eyes of poet who may see
What else were dark to poor mortality).
The faded oak is hanging o'er your head,
So firmly rooted in its rocky shred ;
And viewless forms fantastic sport in air,
Now on its branches and anon nowhere.

Here would I think the foot of man hath trod,
O'er whose sad ashes long hath lain the clod,
And fancy wings unto the by-gone time,

When Roman power was in its noble prime.
I cannot think but that yon hoary crag
Hath seen the shadow of a nation's flag,
And heard the clamour of the trumpet's bray,
Calling its warriors at the close of day.
Tho' no strong walls attest my humble cause,
Nor dampy dungeons speak of sternest laws ;
Yet its commanding ridge above the vale
Would give it power beyond all strong assail.
Long thro' old time the broken stones have lain
Beneath the cliff along the woody plain ;
In one lone dell seen but by very few,
Where nought but heather and the bramble grew,
I found a stone which still had image left
Of ancient grandeur, tho' now part bereft ;
I gaz'd upon the fragment oft and long,
And thought of record, legend, and old song ;
And many a vision pass'd before mine eyes
Of pillars strong, whose massy tops would rise,
High o'er the pavement curiously lac'd,
Supporting arch in richness fairly trac'd,
And solemn roof bepainted by the sun,
When morning's task to gild it was begun ;
And high born ladies pass'd along the hall,



And gallant youths fair to the eye and tall,
And reverend sires who, wise in years, had seen
Many a council and strew'd battle green :
And loath to leave the spot with silent sway
I should have linger'd until close of day
Had not a friend stood beckoning by my hand,
Calling me onward unto homelier land.

But were nought else to hallow this fair spot,
Nature itself would speak for such a grot,
If nature had a voice beyond itself ;
And who'd not sigh that earth would gain such wealth ?
But then methinks the mighty heavens were charm'd,
And all the planetary orbs alarm'd :
But chief the moon who hangs to earth so near,
That she would leap from out her airy sphere,
And cling to earth, enamour'd of her song,
While wandering stars should loathly roll along.

Be mine the pleasing task to rove among
Thy lovely dingles and thy bowers of song ;
To thee the dull town ever shall give place,
And own thee loveliest on fair nature's face.
But while the day's flag yet o'er earth's unfurl'd,

And ere the sun bids "good night" to our world,
I will attain these cliffs and watch the hour
When nature's glories on the sun-set pour.

Below me stretches the receding plain,
Bestrew'd with beauty and the ripening grain ;
A forest wide with vastly spreading arms,
And fill'd with nature's most delightful charms.
High rears the village church, its good firm tower,
Enshrin'd in quiet shade and holy bower,
Spreading its peace throughout the sweeping vale,
And showering blessings all around its pale ;
And higher on the hill full proud appears
The hall of ages and the strong of years,
Which oft defended from the battle's cry,
The lowering plain and villages hard by ;
And stretching farther to the distant view,
Craven's high peaks appear deep ting'd with blue,
The scene of many a strife and conflict drear,
When frowning foes wont face to face t' appear.
Fair Craven's foremost city lies below,
Whose towers appear from out the greenwood bough ;
Lordly they stand on elevated mound,
Where loyal hearts have made it hallow'd ground,

O Skipton! favourer of thy king oppress,
Thy name by heroes ever shall be blest !
A goodly list of nobles is thine own,
Noble for loving a deserted crown.
Within the aisles of that old crumbling fane
Thy hoary church, there lies a honour'd train,
Whose relics lay in silence at our feet,
But who in glory's throne have gain'd a dazzling seat.
Let honour weep above the sculptur'd tomb,
And tell mankind of all men's certain doom,
For howe'er great or glorious be the age,
Time hath as great writ in his older page ;
And if for mate for living man you turn,
O, find his equal 'neath this marble urn.

Methinks I see from out yon portal grey,
A band of troopers prancing march this way,
Crown'd with dark plumes which dance upon the
wind,
And as they pass still new adventures find.
Anon the bending slope they've gaily cross'd,
And now amid the thickening woods are lost ;
Again they stand upon the rising hill,
And the shrill trumpet's cries a hundred echoes fill.

Then clearly lengthen'd on the valleys fall,
The sounds of greeting from old Farnhill hall.
They pass the bridge built by the priors old
Of aged Bolton who had lack'd not gold ;
And onward march amid the scenes so fair,
Which bloom upon the banks of winding Aire.
That worthless town of which we 'fore did say,
Beheld the troops advancing with dismay,
And each man gaz'd out with an eye of gloom,
And trembled at the spears which promis'd him a
tomb.

But short the respite to their fears was given,
Scarce time to talk of an offended heaven.
The troopers soon were march'd within the town,
And soon secur'd a holder-forth in gown,
Who fierce resistance to the capture made,
And talk'd of God and for stern vengeance pray'd.
But when his prayers to heaven of nought avail'd,
He straight his hearers, some poor fools, assail'd
With oaths and threats, and high-denouncing curses,
Well cramm'd withal with Scriptures' misus'd verses.
But out of love his pious hearers took
Straight to their heels and the mad saint forsook.
The fugitives now fled thro' every street,

And cries were mingled with the sounds of feet
That rush'd in wild pursuit along the pave,
Which flash'd with fire from strokes the chargers gave.
A goodly booty soon the band secur'd
Of hoarded gold that long the lock endur'd,
And well-fed townsmen, bald as near as shears
Could crop the hair and leave huge hanging ears.
The troopers' laughs resounded in disdain,
As forth the captives mov'd towards the bending plain.
But hark ! a cry of rescue rends the air
And Cromwell's soldiers soon are furious there ;
A psalm of joy the pious preacher sung,
And townsmen prick'd their ears, then join'd him till
they rung ;
But soon the psalm was ended, each must fly,
Or by some stray ball miserably die,
For by surprise their liberty was given,
And by defiance now the air was riven.
The swords that flash'd beneath the glowing sun
When the sad strife between them was begun,
Glanc'd not more fire than fled the eye-balls keen,
Which hurl'd defiance o'er the swelling green ;
Mars might have strode himself upon that field,
So dire the slaughter that among them reel'd.

And now the furious strife still weaker grew,
And straight for refuge many a roundhead flew,
While the more brave of them who fought that day
Fearless brav'd death, or bore some wounds away.
At length the victors occupied alone
The conquer'd field where stretch'd lay many a one
Who lov'd his country dearer than his blood,
And gave up house and home in fighting for her good.
There many breath'd that lov'd their earthly king,
In which great love was lost each baser thing,
And here they stood lord of king Charlie's foes,
Lord and not lord, nor yet forgot their woes,
For soon each soldier round his dark eyes drew,
For one was missing 'mid the conquering few,
One that for whom each one would give his life
Rather than that he'd perish'd in the strife;
And grief and consternation swell'd each heart,
When without leader they must thence depart.
But they would find him in his gory bed,
And if not living bear him onward dead.
Now a sad search commences 'mong the slain,
Each corpse is lifted, then roll'd back again;
At length a heap of mangled bodies lay
In sad confusion o'er their brother clay;

The first was lifted, he was known by none,
Save for a roundhead, and his breath was gone,
The second, still he the same in nature seem'd,
His teeth were fix'd, his eyes with fury gleam'd,
But cold his cheek, his fall'n hand clasp'd his sword,
His soul had fled while cursing by his lord.
Beneath him lay a youth besmear'd with blood,
Which o'er his face had roll'd a ruddy flood ;
A brilliant star upon his breast was seen,
All knew him for their knight of noble mein.
Each soldier gave his hand to clear the gore
From the young chieftain's face, and him they bore
To the clear spring which on the green-sward lav'd,
Its lovely streams in many a ripple wav'd.
Full in their palms they held the waters clear,
To cleanse the gore which clung with frightful smear
To the young chieftain's face, whose life had flow'd
Well-nigh from out the wounds which gaping glow'd.
And now his heaving breast began to breathe,
He op'd his eyes, nor seem'd his soul to grieve ;
But still as if in battle-field he mov'd,
His hand stretch'd out for his broad sword approv'd.
" Force need we none," the valiant Hugo spoke,
" That on our foes' foul heads its vengeance broke ;

Here, O, my chief, are none but friends to fight,
Surely some devil hath beset your sight."
"What Hugo ! here,—O ! say my friends which way
The fortune of our arms hath turn'd this day,
For since one roundhead with his heavy hand,
Let fall a blow which I could not command ;
I have insensible to all things lain,
And know not what hath pass'd upon this plain."
"O ! chieftain ! all is well," one answer gave,
"As could be wish'd by any soldier brave ;
See here we stand, the masters of the field,
For in their flight we made the roundheads yield."
"Come, let's away, perchance not far from hence
A host is laying for this town's defence ;
And now that we are thinn'd by our first toil,
Methinks a host might count us goodly spoil,
And blood shall not be shed where we may choose,
With honour's help to gain our lives or lose.
Come, to my saddle, lend a kindly hand
And I will thank ye in a better land,
Where curst rebellion dares not ope her wings,
And where grim discord ne'er her dirges sings."
No safety being where the rebels roam,
They straight pursue the road unto their home.

First in the parting train appear'd a youth,
The bloom of beauty and the pride of truth ;
Second to none who bravely fought that day,
Save their young leader whom they bore away.
Beside him rode a youth, far famed he
For warrior boldness and for patriot glee ;
Tho' beauty less upon his cheek appear'd,
He was well lov'd 'mong friends, 'mong foes much
fear'd.

These rode advance'd along the woodland way,
Lest lurking enemies in wait should stay.
Next on his charger came the wounded chief,
To whose sad wounds the waters gave relief.
Lastly, the train of soldiers journey'd on,
Each thinking of the deeds his sword had won ;
Not in the splendours which they wore at morn,
The dancing plumes were from their helmets torn ;
And all with hideous blood their garments dyed,
Each with his neighbour in his horror vied.

No listening woodlands heard their cheerful song,
No triumph's echoes roll'd the vales along ;
But all the music sung within the breast,
Oft times the seat where the soul listens best.

For oft will inward satisfaction vie
With triumph's shouts which cleave the vaulted sky ;
Tho' many warriors fight their only fame
That maids and bards may sing their glorious name,
Yet emulation oft will move the heart,
And green-eyed jealousy with gnawing smart,
And patriot virtue for a land oppress,
And love will spur full many a youthful breast ;
Thus causes, different in their commands,
Will move great souls to work in union's bands.
But these in one good cause only were met,
Their love to England's king, the good, the great ;
And tho' such causes might their valour shoot,
The same great deeds had one great fostering root.
Far up the valley sped the soldiers on
To where appears old Skipton's hallow'd town,
And 'neath the frowning arch of portal grey,
The band of warriors silent take their way :
The gates are clos'd, and in the mighty tower,
Heal'd are the wounds by virtuous med'cines' power.

Thus ends my tale, and now the twilight hue
Wraps up the scene, slow-folding from my view,
And robes the mountains in uncertain mize,

Robbing the eye of the delighted gaze.
Among the rugged crags, by fearing leaps,
I downward pass where many a bracken creeps ;
At times quite cover'd with a leafy vest,
Saving my head which rises o'er the rest.
Here what a wall, now then shall I in sooth
Break my poor neck ! ah ! shame unto my youth ;
Learn thee to use the limbs thy God hath given,
Nor from exploring scenes by fears be driven.
I see a beauty on the river's breast,
It is the shadow of the moon's fair crest
Who now in heaven rises on her way,
To rule o'er night as the sun rules o'er day.
Hail ! welcome shades of eve ! and thou, fair moon !
I love ye not the less for noble noon ;
For day's the groom of nature, night the bride,
One smiles in grace, the other stands in pride.
O ! much abused damsel ! modest wight,
That gazest on the world thro' silent night,
I ask thy pardon, if with too wild glee
My wanton eyes are gazing now on thee.
If it be crime to see thee without shroud,
O ! step behind yon lightly sailing cloud,
And I will look on thy veil'd beauty there,

As we of earth gaze on some half-hid fair.
Perhaps it may with us enhance the spell,
That hidden graces may concealed dwell,
And loose imagination's wildest wing,
Which finds new beauties at each daring spring.
Beautiful planet ! I will woo thee now,
And do thou kindly smile upon my brow ;
So I'll sing ditties to thy mountain ear,
And rail or praise the world that liveth here.

But I am loth to sing such sorry song,
As needs I must to tell thee of earth's throng,
And inly blush for this soul-fallen race,
Whose deeds forget bright honour's paths to trace.

Lo ! in a garret sits a wretch forlorn,
His sallow cheeks with haggard illness worn ;
Griev'd at his mistress he abjures mankind,
And all a-writing sits his fickle mind.
Thus in his solitude he vents his spleen,
And writes a ditty to the nightly queen ;
Adjudging worship to the beauteous moon,
Instead of him who made both night and noon.
But thou fair morn wilt swift reject his song,

And bid him drag a wretched life along,
Till he shall turn his heart unto his God,
And o'er his passions sway the ruling rod.

Low in an inn are couch'd a motley crew,
All passing strange unto the wondering view ;
One bends on liberties his planning brain,
Another thinks of glittering earthly gain ;
Some rail on fortune and upon her cares,
And swear that others' riches should be theirs.
But the most curious in the curious scene,
Are two strange wights with lurking leer I ween ;
Bent o'er the table they in converse sit,
Nor mind the furious brawler's drunken fit.
They to each other monstrous plans unfold,
Which ne'er before in strangest lay were told ;
How to o'errun all lands, or high, or low,
Where bends the valley, or where lives the snow ;
No light obstacles can their brains e'er fill,
They'll raise a valley or cut thro' a hill ;
Tho' one as deep as hell, the other high
As alpine heights, which well-nigh touch the sky.
One does not doubt but that he will full soon
Bestride his body on the horned moon,

Throwing a rail-road thro' the lightsome air,
And planting with delight his kingdom there
Where sitting 'neath the shadow of his gourd,
He'll receive Sunday parties come to see my lord.

See now where in a flimsy modern hall
Some idiot doctor mounts the tub-like stall,
And reads a lecture on dame nature's wonder,
And all the things that lie the surface under ;
Tells how this stone is bad, how that is good,
And shows 'tis nonsense all about the flood.
Does that thing say he has learnt wisdom's lore ?
Does he say that his soul did e'er explore
The mighty region of philosophy,
Wherein great Shakspeare hangs the grandest
trophy ?
He may say this, but I a bard will say
He never had a soul that knew the day,
Nor one that could with wisdom soar away.

My lady sits and grants him vast applause,
And how he flatters her about her cause,
And says how she illuminates the age,
That's so well vers'd in the fair classic page.

O! boasting age! is this thy mighty name?
Are these the proppers of thy starry fame?
These nauseous reptiles who defile the earth,
And crush real wisdom in its struggling birth;
And yet, O age, these same mock-wisdom men
Are of thy learning, nine parts out of ten.

Not mine to sing what thou with nightly eye
Of daring guilt dost on the earth espy,
What horrid ravishment or murderous crime
Darteth across the course of witness Time,
Whose sounds arise high unto vaulted heaven,
Like prayers for vengeance to its monarch given.
But let my humble muse attune the lay,
To those who walk on earth in virtue's way.

See where Ignatius leads his youthful love
Adown the dimly shaded moonlight grove,
Where nodding elms at seemly distance stand,
And throw their shades athwart the grassy land;
No words are pass'd from out her lovely lips,
But she to him respectful silence keeps
While he reveals his plans of future joys,
The which to fix where never care annoys.

At times ambitious hopes his breast inspire,
And kindle in his soul a noble fire;
Warm in description he all dangers spurns,
Nor to poor schemes his mind he ever turns.
I do not say their all is future bliss,
For many a rapture dwells upon each kiss;
And many a kind emotion thrills each frame,
Making more ardent still the lover's flame.
Thus with them speed the moonlight hours away,
Till to her home they both retrace their way;
A soft good night's given at the garden-gate,
And gentle prayer that future joys may wait;
But yet Ignatius waits one moment more,
Until he sees her form emerge within the door.
O! beauteous moon, for such as this sweet pair,
Thou lovest earth with a kind mother's care.

But ah! the evening hour to me unkind,
Brings sad disease upon the sweeping wind;
And doth the charms of eve with ill alloy,
To sing of others' bliss, mine only joy;
To me a walk beneath the forest leaves,
When poisonous odour from within them breathes
Were little short of death, such is my health,

They who are well are rich in nature's wealth ;
So lovely scene adieu, I go forlorn
To wait the coming of the blushing morn.

TO FRIENDSHIP.

Is there a charm which speaks unto the heart,
Which gives a consolation to the soul,
Which kindly still relieves the anguish'd smart,
When storms and waves across our fortunes roll ?

Is there a charm which soothes the afflicting woes
Of haggard illness and of stern disease,
That lends its softening aid to passion's throes,
And gives to horror still the power to please ?

O ! friendship, strike thy long benumbed lyre,
And proudly answer in thine own good cause ;
Say, too, if yet one breast admits the fire,
And owns its heart a votary to thy laws.

AH ! LITTLE FLOWER.

AH ! little flower, I was as fair as thee,
 Till flattering Edward chanc'd to pass this way ;
 Could careless glance as fair my blinking e'e,
 Till sorrows cloud came on my youthful day.

He was a fair and lovely youth,
 And well could plight affection's lovely vow ;
 Ah ! was he then so lost to virgin truth ?
 O ! that false soul to fill so fair a brow.

Alone he left me to bewail my lot ;
 Alone he went,—I ne'er may see him more ;
 Ah ! never more he'll seek this lonely cot,
 But I for ever shall my lot deplore.

O, flowers ! your bloom has ceas'd to glad my eye,
 No more with joy I see your opening leaves ;
 For ye but tell me what was time gone by,
 And what was she who for her lover grieves.

TO——

O, wondrous man of melancholy bliss !

Who weepst for the world, yet art unmov'd
By the fierce storms which round us howl and hiss,
Which the sad temper of the world have prov'd.

O ! wert thou dropp'd from heaven upon this earth,
That we, beholding, should thy soul admire ?
Or haply wert thou some stray angel's birth ?
Or hast thou gained more of heavenly fire ?

No matter which—would that I were like thee ;
Storms, tears, and sorrows, mix in chaos wild,
With songs and revelry and noisome glee,
With my bosom ; ah ! unsettled child !

Come, I will sit beneath thy feet and learn,
Teach me to tread with thee fair wisdom's way,
That I no more with such strange fires may burn,
But all within may shine a heavenly ray.

ON THE DEPARTURE OF A FRIEND.

He hath gone ! may love watch o'er him,
 And her fairest chaplet twine
 Around his brow, and straight restore him
 To his blisses, great ! divine !

E'en as the ivy clings to ruin'd oak,
 So hath he help'd the form of sad old age ;
 Changes of things have not in his soul broke
 The tie which once could prosperous souls engage.

Now hath he pass'd thro' many a lovely scene ;
 The nodding woods have heard his joyous song ;
 He's pass'd the moor or turn'd the valley's green ;
 In pious pilgrimage he moves along.

Shall distance part us ? no, my throbbing heart,
 Thou still shalt love him, tho' he far may roam ;
 'Tis vain to say congenial souls may part,
 In memory's caves the absent finds a home.

WRITTEN AT EVE.

A little day has fled on busy wings !

O, man ! behold thy life in this short day !

The morning sun unloos'd hope's gushing springs ;

At noon thou trod'st bright manhood's glorious way.

The noon was past, and thou wast toil'd with heat,

Thy sun had pac'd adown the bending sky,

And thou didst feel that weary were thy feet,

That care's thick motes had dimm'd thy brighter eye.

Thy sun hath set behind the mountain's brow,

Nocturnal airs blow chilly on thy form ;

Thou once wast bright—where is thy brightness now ?

Night closes in—loud roars the rattling storm.

A hope hast thou beyond the gloomy grave,

As evening airs breathe hope of morn's return,

O, catch the angel ! lest the tempests rave,

And hurl thee down to hell thy state to mourn.

WHILE THE BROWN LEAVES OF AUTUMN.

WHILE the brown leaves of autumn are strewing
around me,
I wander alone thro' the deep woody glen,
And muse in my sadness on things that surround me,
And weep for the falseness of fair-worded men.

O! wild beats my heart when I think on the moment
I came to the world a young heart-feeling child,
And sad beats my heart when I think on the changes
Have sprung from the brain of inconstancy wild.

O! ye whose fair looks had entranced my morning,
That hour when hope's sun 'gan to rise on my day;
When I with bright visions His course was adorning,
Too soon with the sun-beams to vanish away.

On ye do I charge the sad grief I'm bewailing,
For you are the joys ever fled that I mourn;
For you did I love, but your own base-born failing
Has turn'd what was love into railing and scorn.

For you did my pulses once beat with a fondness,
For you did my prayers once ascend to my God ;
For your heartless scorn are my prayers turn'd to
coldness,
And my feelings of love frozen hard as the clod.

Ye learnt me the lesson, how fair and deceiving
My own brother manhood could be to his kind !
What things for firm friendship the young mind
believing,
Are found to be empty as fluttering wind !

And now when hope's sun on my day hath ceas'd
shining,
Thick clouds of dark fate having shadow'd his
beams,
For you and your scorn I will cease my repining,
And harbour more wisdom exchang'd for my
dreams.

Nor will I for your worthless sakes ever deem
That all men are false and corrupted like ye ;
Ah ! no, honour's brightness, in glorious stream,
Still flows from the ancient, the honour'd, the free.

Ye winds that have heard my lonely complaining,
Ye woods, whose lost leaves are now borne on the
gale,
I come to your shades, with one blessing remaining
Shall sooth up my sorrows, shall cheer up my tale.

My heart is not sear'd to true love and true joy,
Still, still there is in me true friendship's bright
flame ;
The light, tho' a moment some wretches destroy,
It shall kindle again at some worthier name.

TO THE SEA.

WILD watery mountain ! O ! thou rolling sea !
Do I behold thee ? Am I now on thee ?
Great nature's wonder ! girdle of the world !
O ! let thy stormy waves be now upcurl'd !
That I may ride upon thy crested foam
And shout with joy, "here have I gain'd a home !"
See how the hills in wild confusion meet,
As wave treads wave beneath its rampant feet,
Billow on billow boils in angry roar

As which were foremost to engulph the shore,
While sea-fowl scream their approbation loud,
Now on the wave—now sailing by a cloud.

Where is thy boasted greatness, boasting man ?
Canst thou command that little wave be still ?
Nay, canst thou stay the purling mountain rill ?
Or make the free-born winds cease thee to fan ?

Go, pluck thy vanity from out thy breast,
Seek out some solitude, some lonely cell,
Where thou may'st bid ambitious thoughts to rest,
And with calm contemplation silent dwell !
There think on him who rides upon the storm,
And for him drop one pitying heartfelt tear ;
Then as thy bosom so begins to warm,
Think on that One who sees thee even here,
Whose hand can lay thee in the silent grave,
And give thy body to the gnawing worm ;
Think, and thou'lt love the hardy and the brave,
And fear the Hand preserves them in the storm.

I love thy freedom, O ! thou vaulting sea,
I love to hear thy mighty surges roar,

And when on land far off I think of thee
Enshrin'd in valleys, or by mountains hoar,
I'll learn still more to love the glorious Hand
Whose power alone thy wildness can command.

SONG OF THE WIFE OF THE HUNTER
OF THE RHINE.

Home, hunter, home, the sun's last ray
Gilds with the hues of departing day
Each woody dingle and lonely dell,
And the distant towers of the Drachenfel.

Home, hunter, home, thy board is spread,
And the wine cup is fill'd with the liquor red,
And the minstrel young and the aged sire
Are ready to strike the golden lyre.

The owlet hoots on the turret wall,
And the robber obeys his chieftain's call,
Then home, hunter, home, lest the twilight grey
Should give thy stout arm to the robbers a prey.

THE RETIRED SPOT.

IT was a fair and lovely spot,
 A sweet retirement, a celestial grot,
 Far i' the centre of yon aged hill,
 Within the sound of many a tinkling rill ;
 While trees grew round, the guardians of the green,
 And lowly bushes grew their stems between,
 Wreath'd with sweet woodbine, clad in fairest dress
 Which spread its arms in many a fond caress,
 And here and there a moss-grown stone was laid
 In ease luxurious 'neath the spreading shade.

There the wild songsters met as in their choir,
 That spot in their cathedral which their love
 (Their vast cathedral was the forest grove)
 Had bid them offer to the sacred lyre
 The fairest maid in all the heavens above.
 There on the boughs they tun'd their cheerful song,
 Seated in rows from branch to branch along ;
 And wildly echoing the shrill notes were borne
 In lofty cadence on the summer air ;

'Twas heard at night, 'twas heard at morn,
And care's hard burden aye seem'd less to bear.

I saw that spot—I saw the limpid spring
That i' the centre sparkled wondrous bright,
And that fair mirror back my form did fling,
But ah! that thing that doth offend my sight!
There lurks a toad in envious ease below,
Its eyes are lighted with a fiendish glow!
How dares it lay where I had deem'd alone
Some water-king had sat upon its throne,
And I in fancy thought the dancing fays
Came there to sport on moonlight holidays?
And must my visions thus be doom'd to flee,
All for a wretch deform'd and foul like thee?

I had of yore oft visited that bower,
And pass'd, delighted, many a sunny hour
Within its shade, nor thought of care,
And one I lov'd was with me there,
Who now in distant land doth dwell
Beyond the ocean's heaving swell.
But now the time is chang'd, no more
The hours fly lightly as they fled before,

And I but as a picture view the scene
Of my 'fore life, as now I view this green,
And all my former days seem like that well,
Big with bright visions which no tongue might tell!
I deeper look, and ah ! my sight to goad,
Within the bottom lurks an envious toad !

THE POET'S HOME.

YE bustling towns are not for me,
I would not have ye for my home,
For I would live with nature free,
O'er her dominions fearless roam.

The poet's home ! O ! where the spot
Is meet to be his dwelling-place ?
O ! seek not far ! some little grot
Shall straight his ardent wish efface.

Near where some river's mirror breast
Is laid in stillness 'neath the shore,
Where shades of trees in slumbers rest,
And fear no mighty tempest's roar.

Or where the rocks are towering high,
In shapes fantastic o'er the wave ;
While shadows fling a deeper dye,
And sink to many a pearly cave.

Slow sounding from the minster tower
I hear the sweeping solemn bell
Invite all back at vesper hour,
While lengthen'd echoes round me swell.

There peeping from amidst the trees
Are rear'd the towers of castle grey ;
Walls and high battlements the vision sees,
All crumbling downward to decay.

Here trimly sat on bank of flowers,
The shepherds watch the sun decline,
And praise him for their vintage bowers
That give them store of goodly wine.

The pipe in trembling cadence trills,
While maidens sing in sweetest strain,
Which mingles with the murmuring rills,
Then rolls across the waves amain.

O! be my home by such a stream,
With contemplation for my friend,
And store of books—time's golden gleam,
Slow journeying onward to my end.

Or I could dwell by lovely Dee,
Where rolls its wave 'neath Chester wall;
Or where the Ouse full-flowing, free,
Rolls past full many an ancient hall,

And that imperial city's towers
Where Constantine in days of yore
Had centr'd all his mighty powers,
And since far-fam'd for holy lore.

A home like these, where time hath shed
Bright honours from his hoary hand,
Is where I wish to rest my head
Upon mine own dear native land!

Evening Hymn.

THE SEA.

Now Phœbus sinks behind the main,
 His fiery-horsed golden car,
 Leaving behind a glorious train
 Long riding on the waves afar.

O, Heaven ! what splendour hath thy hand
 Thrown on the wondrous rolling sea !
 How little known to man's command !
 How all obedient to Thee !

Thou giv'st the word, the tempests rave,
 Billow on billow beards the sky,
 While toss'd on many a mountain wave
 Poor man, unfriended, sinks to die !

No, not unfriended, is he there,
 Bright angels snatch the just away ;
 But wicked souls, lock'd in despair,
 Go down without one brightening ray.

Straight at thy word the storms are still ;
Sweet smiles the wave beneath the sun :
Obedient to thy mighty will
The sea its work of awe hath done.

Now passing on from land to land,
Commerce unfurls her sweeping sail,
With wealth from Africa's far strand,
With spices nurs'd in Arab gale.

Here on the wave mankind do meet,
Between whose shores vast oceans roll ;
And heart in hand their brethren greet,
While speak their eyes the kindred soul.

Here let me sit upon this steep,
And watch the dark firm-fixed rock
Play with the careless purling deep,
Or bidding back the storm's rough shock.

There is a spirit lives e'en here,
A kindred spirit to the heart,
Whose feelings hurt by man's proud sneer,
Obtain in nature's self a part.

Here are the winds as free to me,
Yon sky as lovely to my gaze,
As dear to me yon swelling sea
As him who shines in fortune's blaze.

O, man ! learn not thou to repine
While daily bread to thee is given,
A hundred blessings still are thine
While freedom lives, earth's happy heaven.

Sigh not for wealth, for care will come
And eat up all thy hop'd-for joy,
Thou hast the greatest wealth—a home—
And gold is but a valued toy.

Or if thou fain wouldst riches have,
Know for one purpose only they
Are good to man.—They else deprave
And root the nobler parts away.

It is but given that thou may'st give,
May'st share thy blessings with thy kind,
Within their wants thyself must live
And cheer the sadly drooping mind.

If thou dost otherwise, thy soul
Forgets what Heaven has done to thee,
And curs'd will be thy recreant heart,
Throughout a dark eternity.

O sea ! thy waves are rolling wild,
And singing wildly on the shore !
O ! ne'er may man, poor helpless child,
Know on thy breast a mightier roar.

ERMENE.

Canto First.

HIGH on the rock the castle stood
• In pride of many a hoary tower,
Whose shadows sunk far in the flood,
'Mid many a drooping willow bower.

It was a hall of mighty fame,
Proud were its lords from age to age,

In fam'd chivalry's glorious name,
Was none that with them might engage.
Yet not more honour'd by the flame
That burns o'er wrongs with furious rage,
Than for the milder, gentler mein,
That lit the hospitable hall,
And oft in many a feast was seen ;
Or follow'd where the bugles' call
Led on the chase o'er many hills,
Where mighty ravines open'd wide,
And streams that once were purling rills
Roar'd down the rocks from side to side.

Lord Harold sat amid the throng,
With many a knight and baron bold,
Now listening to the high-soul'd song,
Now while the gallant hunters told
How the hard chase had borne along
From cliff to cliff, from hold to hold,
And how returning from their toil,
They deem'd the goblet goodly spoil.
Then would the minstrel's thrilling strain
Rise to the lofty fretted wall,
Singing the chase, till all again

Scarce deem'd they were within the hall,
But following o'er the spreading plain,
Or dashing by the water-fall.
Thus hour on hour fled gladly on,
For time hath wings when joy doth stay,
Till midnight toll'd her warning tone,
To bid the revellers away.

But there was one who breath'd not there,
Whose brow seem'd press'd with heavy care,
And melancholy, white as snow,
While languid eyes were laid below ;
On her white hand reclin'd her head,
And straight before her form was spread
A new writ scroll bedew'd with tears,
At the recall of other years.

No mortal eyes had ever seen
A fairer maid than young Ermene,
For tall and graceful was her form ;
And like a sylph's that shuns the storm,
Scarce seem'd her foot to press the clay
As light she pass'd upon her way.
But she was grown a sadder wight,

No more her step was airy-light,
But like a queen she seemed now
As sadness sat upon her brow.

She walk'd along the river side,
Where pavement that had stood its tide
So long that time no record gave,
Hemm'd in its banks the limpid wave,
And stretch'd along the silent shore,
Or stay'd beneath some shady bower.
When noon in all his brightness shone
And earth glow'd warm beneath the sun,
She sought the shade of creeping vine
Where branch in branch did oft entwine ;
While at her feet the river flow'd,
And with full many a landscape glow'd.
Thus pass'd the day its weary time,
Till evening came with solemn chime,
Slow pealing from the convent bell,
Whose sounds fled on with lengthen'd swell ;
Then at that hour she did repair,
And with her all her load of care,
Unto her flickering evening fire,
Or cheer'd her hoary-headed sire,

When hunters took another way,
And left them for one happy day ;
For solitude to her was joy,
And well she lov'd her dear employ,
And well her sire return'd the flame,
And bless'd his lovely Ermene's name.

That night the hunters took their rest
Within the castle's mighty breast,
And Ermene sought her turret high,
Which glanced far 'tween earth and sky,
And thought upon her bygone days,
And of a youth that once did praise
Her beauty, and extol his love,
But who, away, alas! did rove.

Then to her hand she took the scroll,
And wrote the feelings of her soul ;
And wash'd the page with many a tear,
Which twinkled like the starry sphere,—
A symbol of her own bright mind
Which erst had love and joy combin'd ;
And which in grief still wore a calm
That seem'd a pure and holy balm.

She bid the menials of the hall
Send Hubert there, the young and tall;
And Hubert stood within the tower
When slowly toll'd the midnight hour.

“Say, Hubert, dost thou own a breast
Wherein my secret mind may rest?
For I have what I fain would tell,
If thou wilt bear my secret well.”

“Had I a heart could prove untrue
To such a noble maid as you,
O! might I fill the raven's maw,
Or the stern tiger's tearing jaw;
Or meet a death whose vilest name
Should be but shadow of my shame!
If I might such a secret have,
Nought should possess it but the grave;
And yet it is not my request,
But to obey your high behest.”

“I, Hubert, then will take thy word.—
Dost thou not know the youthful lord
Who once did sojourn here awhile,

Kept by a wound within our pile,
When once in chase he struck the deer,
By hurling of his polish'd spear,
And he himself fell down the rock
Unseated by the mighty shock ?
And thou may'st know, perchance, how I
Did tend his wound with watching eye,
And how he left us at the time
That he regain'd his manly prime."

"I know full well the brave young knight,
A fairer never saw the light ;
Nor one more gentle to his kind,
Nor bore a nobler dauntless mind."

"Tush ! Hubert, I need not thy praise
To make him shine in brighter rays,
My heart has said for him enou'
More than my head will bear me through.
Now I would have thee mount thine horse
And straightway take from hence thy course,
But pause not on thy way, nor wait
Till thou hast gain'd the city's gate
Where makes that youthful lord his home,

And having seen him thou may'st come
And bring me answer from his hand,
But stay not thou in any land,
Though maidens at thy feet should pray
To stay thee lest thou pass'd away.
I'd have thee journey many hours
Before the sun shall greet these towers,
So take this purse and mount thy steed,
And may thy journey have God speed."
Young Hubert bow'd with reverent care,
Then turn'd him down the winding stair.

The mighty gate and iron bar
Roll'd back with many a heavy jar,
And forth a horseman pass'd along,
Then turn'd the shady woods among ;
And soon he gain'd a towering hill,
'Neath which the river slumber'd still ;
While in the heavens the moon arose
To watch the world lock'd in repose,
And cast her shadow in the stream,
Whose bosom glanc'd with many a beam :
The mighty towers rose dim and high,
And mark'd their form along the sky ;

Young Hubert gaz'd upon the pile,
And thought of Ermene in the while ;
Then from his lips there pass'd a vow,
"Fair lady, I will serve thee now,
And do thy bidding to the word ;
Else may my prayers be never heard,
And I be on the earth a scorn
While time shall measure night and morn."
And now was heard the charger's stride
Descending down the mountain's side.

Meanwhile within the turret high
No rest would seek the lady's eye,
While in a dim recess reclin'd,
She heard the wailing of the wind,
And watch'd, with care, the summits near,
Where Hubert's form would chance appear,
As he upon his journey sped
To where blind love her thoughts had led.

Behind her sat the wistful maid,
And on a harp her fingers stray'd
In careless maze, yet woke no sound
To scare the silence from around,

But waited long Ermene's command
Before she swept her willing hand.

“Why is my lady press'd with grief?
May music's sounds not bring relief?
Say, lady, shall I strike the string,
Or your admired legends sing?”

“O! Annett, shall I list to thee,
Whose sweetest notes were jars to me
In this my melancholy vein?
Come, I myself will wake the strain;
And if I cannot thee outvie,
Let music flee to yonder sky,
And never more come down to earth,
No welcome finding for her worth;
But I will call the goddess here,
And make the night-owls give me ear.”

This said, her hands swept o'er the lyre,
And music roll'd in solemn choir;
Then trembled in a wilder lay,
And stole the beating soul away.
Then rose her voice upon the night,

Like a fair seraph clad in light;
And those who heard her song might deem
It was no sound, but more a dream
Of something more divinely fair
Than aught e'er heard of mortal air.

SONG.

SAY, fairest goddess, dost thou dwell
Within yon bright aerial sphere,
Where stars in countless numbers swell,
And planets roll from year to year?
O! hear the melancholy tale
Of one who sighs adoring here,
And wrap thee in thy gliding sail,
While trumpet sounds shall swell thine ear;
Then roll far down earth's mighty vale,
And mortal knees shall shake with fear;
Man at thine angel-voice shall quail,
While floats thy train along the trembling gale.

But to thy votaries thou art most kind,
And she who courts will bend the knee

When thou approachest, sailing on the wind,
And ask a blessing, bounteous queen, of thee.
To thee she turns for balm to heal her grief,
And still the throbbings of her breast,
When time may pass but never bring relief,
Nor lull the weary soul to rest;
But thou shalt come and sooth my woe
When all things else appear but care,
O ! bid me never to despair,
But calm each passion and restrain each throe.

The cadence trembled on the tongue,
Then vanish'd while the cords she strung ;
The fair white hand still tun'd the strain
Which roll'd upon the strings amain ;
And as her eyes she raised higher
Her soul seem'd fill'd with music's fire.
But when the strain had ceas'd to roll
There came a sadness o'er her soul ;
And then she seem'd but as before,
And turn'd to view the landscape o'er ;
Then thought she upon Hubert's way,

Where he would gain e'er break of day,
And now she sped a prayer for him
Before the virgin's picture dim,—
Then turn'd to Annett, who was lean'd,
Half-sleeping, by her vesture screen'd,
Upon the harp, for nature press'd
Upon her senses for its rest.—

“Ye give good heed unto my song,
My dearest Annett, yet ere long
I will repay you in such mind,
Tho' not me sleeping shall you find,
But let us rest, for dawn will break
And gild the sky with many a streak
Ere we within our high-built tower
Have lain in sleep one sullen hour;
And may the virgin guard your bed,
And cast her blessing on your head.”

Now day upon the east had broke
When all within the tower awoke,
Each gallant knight and baron bold,
Whose line some hundred years had told;
And page and vassal mov'd along,

And minstrels pac'd amid the throng.
The sun-beams shone within the hall
And glanc'd on many a hunter tall,
Whose plume shone bright amid the rays,
And jewels cast their gorgeous blaze,
Which round about the neck were slung,
Or from the shady bonnet hung,
By some fair lady's loving care,
And clasp'd with bracelets of her hair.

Then came the baron of the tower
And welcom'd all to morning hour,
With mild benigance in his face
Which erst had beam'd in youthful grace.
He bade the vassals spread the board,
To cheer both baron, knight, and lord,
And here they took them to the hill,
He press'd the hunters take their fill
And drain the wine-cup ere they sped,
That joy might laugh around each head.

Soon came the vassals with the fare,
Then took each hunter modest share,
And drain'd the goblet to their sport,

Then sought the train the ample court,
Where waited groom with neighing steed,
Unmatch'd for dauntless leap and speed ;
The draw bridge fell and on they pass'd
To chase the deer o'er mountains vast.
Then to the battlements the baron made,
To watch the passing cavalcade,
He saw them speed where many a plume
Mimic'd the pine-tree's waving bloom ;
In manly grace the hunters strode
The dappled beasts as on they rode,
And now the form erect was drawn,
Now bent where shady bough was thrown ;
And thus they pass'd the mountain nigh,
Then turning, faded from the eye,
While sounding wild, now far, now near,
The bugle's note fell on the ear,
Then sounding in a cadence long,
The echoes roll'd the hills among ;
The aged baron heav'd his breast,
When the last sound had sunk to rest,
And thought upon his bygone prime
When youth's bright torch had lit his time,
And o'er the hills he paced free,

In all a youthful hunter's glee,
Or when he gain'd his home at night,
Was happy with his lady bright.

Ermene had pray'd her morning prayer
And hung in seemly braid her hair,
While from her breast the garments play'd,
And loose in modest wildness stray'd;
Thus pass'd she from her turret height
Down many a time-worn winding flight,
Until beside her sire she stood,
Who pac'd the court in silent mood.

“What, dearest Ermene, art thou come?
So long a stranger to thy home,
For where's thy home but with thy sire,
Who loves thee with a father's fire?
I thought thy love was colder grown,
So long I had not seen mine own,
And when I sought thee, thou wast gone,
To wander by thyself, alone;
Say whence hath come this saddest change,
That could my Ermene's love estrange?”

“Alas! my sire, am I to blame?
Or do I honour less your name,
Because I’ve chanc’d to roam away
When you with yonder knights were gay?
Believe me, sire, I oft have griev’d
That I should be so long bereav’d,
For yon gay knights who take your hours,
And send me lonely to my bowers,
Where I may sit in summer cave
Or wander by the silent wave.”

“But why, my Ermene, wilt thou go
When yonder gallant knights would glow
With happy flame to see thy face,
Or mark thy form of gentle grace
Within thy seat in yonder hall,
Where once thy mother’s shade did fall,
And thou wouldst please thy father’s mind,
If he thy form could thither find?”

“O! sire, I have no will to pass,
One silent turning of the glass
Within that hall, when they are there,
To me it were but anxious care.

But as thou will'st it should be so,
I'll make a comfort of my woe."

Thus to her sire her heart she told,
As pass'd they many a warder bold ;
Then enter'd at the chapel door,
And stood upon the holy floor.
Before the altar burnt the light
Of waxen tapers twinkling bright,
While rose the traceried window high
Beyond, which stain'd with many a dye,
Shed round the place a holy gloom,
And glanc'd on many an ancient tomb.
The priests now came in solemn throng,
And mov'd the altar front along ;
Then to the mighty organ's roll,
Sung mass for the departed soul
Of that fair dame who long since died,
The country's boast, the castle's pride.
Before the altar knelt the pair,
The aged sire, the daughter fair,
And pray'd while yet the mass arose,
For their beloved soul's repose.

Now on time's wing the summer fled,
And in its train the autumn sped,
Then winter clad in frosty robe,
With tyrant rule sway'd half the globe ;
But still no Hubert thither came,
Yet brighter burnt the lady's flame,
While she had wept full many a tear
Throughout the lately passing year ;
And spring, too, came without relief,
Still adding to her load of grief ;
Yet to her sire she needs must smile,
Tho' beat her heart with woe the while.
The summer leaves began to blow,
And clothe with green the mountain's brow,
Which from the castle spreading wide,
O'erlook'd the river's limpid side.

END OF CANTO FIRST.

ERMENE.

Canto Second.

DREAR was the night, the sky o'ercast,
And loudly roar'd the sweeping blast,
When backward drew a postern door,
Which op'd from out a hindward tower ;
And three pass'd from the castle grey,
Then turn'd down many a winding way,
Till by the river's breast they stood,
Whose waves roll'd by an angry flood.
Where spread a willow drooping large,
One from its covert drew a barge ;
Then soon the three, by darkness blest,
Skimm'd o'er the river's troubled breast ;
And now they touched the farther shore,
Pushing the boat off with an oar.
" My lady, pass we on with speed
To yonder wood, where each a steed
Is waiting to convey us hence ;

And not far distant is defence
To screen us from the coming storm,
Which else would roughly use each form."

Soon came they where the groaning trees
Shook wildly to the furious breeze ;
And double darkness seem'd to dwell,
As if that night 'twere earthly hell :
Thro' many an avenue they sped,
Until they reach'd a humble shed,
Where thro' the wicker shone a light,
Which brought before their eager sight
Three saddled steeds, which waited there
The muffled three away to bear.
They journey'd thro' a forest maze,
Where wild herds in the summer graze,
Which now had fled, where sheltering rocks
The lawn secure from tempests' shocks.
It seem'd as tho' the forest sprite
Was holding revelry that night ;
Strange sounds ran shrieking thro' the woods,
Or roar'd like mountain tumbling floods,
While ponderous boughs were stretch'd on high,
As tho' they wish'd to strike the sky ;

And the fork'd lightnings blaz'd around,
And mighty thunders shook the ground.
These urg'd the fugitives to speed,
And each one ardent push'd the steed ;
But with more strength the terror prey'd
Upon the bosom of each maid ;
For two were such that pass'd along,
Fair Ermene, and her maid of song.
At length they gain'd a sheltering roof,
Which from the world was far aloof ;
A mountain shepherd's lonely home
Was made a palace by the storm.
Soon to the blazing hearth they came,
With welcome greeted by the dame,
Who straight produc'd the homely fare,
And press'd on all with studious care.
But Ermene ate not, for her breast
Was fluttering wildly, void of rest ;
The dame then led her to her bed,
But long and low she bent her head
Before the virgin's pictur'd face,
Ere she her pillow would embrace.
But still she found no rest within,
For well she ween'd her flight was sin.

Soon as the morning streak'd the east,
The vassal brought each maid her beast,
And help'd them mount—then strode his own,
And forward led them down the lawn.

They pass'd thro' many a forest scene,
O'er many a mountain cloth'd with green,
By lofty steep and rugged ridge,
O'er many a high-thrown wooden bridge ;
While neath them loud the torrent roar'd,
As down the gloomy chasm it pour'd ;
Where many a castle crown'd the height
In all the pride of lordly state,
Nor stay'd they till the noon-tide hour
Had brought them 'neath a convent's tower.

Soon took they of the holy cheer,
And sought the road again for fear ;
Some might pursue them on their way,
And take them home ere close of day.

I tell not through what scenes they sped,
By Ermene's vassal onward led,
Until the night came stealing on,

As pass'd they thro' the forest lone.
He knew not where a home to find,
To shield them from the chilling wind;
And still the darkness came apace,
Nor could he through the forest trace;
For fear lest when he would return,
He lose his path within some bourne.

'Twas night, they might not further speed,
Each maid he lifted from her steed;
And sad they stood in mournful plight,
No ray to cheer the gloomy night.

A tear stood in fair Ermene's eye
And from her breast there heav'd a sigh,
While gazing where the forest broke,
And show'd the stars, she sadly spoke—
“ O, my Rinaldo, thus for thee
Have I o'erlook'd my God's decrees,
And left my parents, left my home,
That I unto thy breast might come!
Perhaps that breast which once did beat
With love to me, and at my feet
Hath often lain, that he might vow

He'd love no other; even now
May lean upon some other maid,
While I am sighing 'neath this shade.'

Scarce had she ceas'd when to them near
The flute's soft note fell on the ear,
And each one hail'd with joy the sound
That told of others near the ground.

Led by the flute, they forward pass'd,
And gain'd a happy home at last;
For as they turn'd, in radiance bright
Forth from a window stream'd the light,
And soon they stood within the cot,
Blessing the saints for this their lot.

That night when Ermene sought her bed,
Some balmy sleep fell on her head;
And when again the morning beam'd,
Half eased from her care she seem'd,
For sleep had so refresh'd her face,
That now it wore a brighter grace
Tho' all within was not so well,
Being bound in love's enthralling spell,

The sun had gain'd the western sky,
And rob'd the earth in darker dye ;
Long shadows wander'd from the trees,
Whose leaves were quivering to the breeze ;
While on the mountains' rugged rocks,
Where goatherds tend their bearded flocks,
The shadows took a wilder shape,
Like goblin huge or grinning ape.
On many a tower the last rays shone,
On many a spire that shot alone
Its tapering form high in the air,
On many a palace huge and fair,
Where noble princes wont to dwell,
The last red ray of sun-set fell.

Just at that hour the young Ermene
Beneath the city wall was seen
To pass along with man and maid,
Whose eyes in wonder all survey'd.
But she alone seem'd not to keep
Her sight upon each glorious heap
That rose each side the ample street,
But onward spurr'd her palfrey's feet.

Here many a noble building stood,
Whose walls were hallow'd by the good,
The nobly good of many an age
That backward stood on time's grey page.
In gorgeous beauty to the sight,
Story on story rear'd its height ;
The marble, wrought by chisel's art,
Was richly fretted in each part ;
While traceried windows caught the rays,
And backward threw a dazzling blaze ;
And their the statues, clad in grace,
Show'd many an ancient lordly face,

There rose some column on the sky ;
And many a wreath was creeping high,
By sculptor train'd from pedestal,
And twining round the shooting wall,
Till to the capital it gain'd,
And there its further growth was chain'd
Beneath some hero's marble sole,
Through time, a garland for his soul.

Records like these the city own'd,
Of those whose names were still renown'd,

And these with greatest might compare,
That ever breath'd the free-born air.

But Ermene mark'd them not, her mind
Was to another form confin'd,
One that her mem'ry dearly kept;—
But now strange bodings o'er her crept,
And on her palfrey's back she sigh'd,
Fearing some evil would betide.
At length they stay'd within a court,
Giving their steeds to men of sort
Such as on stranger pilgrims wait,
Then enter'd at the hall's wide gate,
Where menials in obeisance stay'd,
And straight conducted thence each maid.

When night's dark shroud had wrapt the earth,
That time when fears gain sudden birth
And wrap the guilty soul in dread,
The vassal to his lady sped,
To know the weight of her behest
If he might take his course in quest
Of that same lord for whom she came,
For whom so long had burn'd love's flame.

At her command he pass'd away,
To mingle with the young, the gay,
And gain some tidings of that lord
To whom she'd given her plighted word.

And when he left her, long she mus'd,
How fondest love is oft abus'd ;
How open trust unto the heart
Is often wrung with anguish'd smart ;
And how the fairest looks deceive,
And teach the admiring heart to grieve.
Then would she start, and chide her soul
For thinking he could be so foul,
He who was erst so nobly fair
That no one with him might compare.

Five hours on drowsy pinions fled,
While keen suspense still rack'd her head,
And oft she paced o'er the floor,
Till rous'd by tapping at the door.
The vassal enter'd, staid and slow,
His head in sorrow drooping low.

Ermene sprang up and seiz'd his arm,

Her frame all trembling in alarm,
And looking wildly in his face,
As if her searching eye would trace
From thence into his burthen'd mind,
To know what grief was there confin'd.

“Tell me what means that look of woe !
Nay do not shun me—let me know
The blackest things thy tongue can tell,
Tho' thou have learnt thy tale in hell !
What ! art thou silent ! not a tone ?
Come, I will know what thou hast known.
Why dost thou hang thy head aside ?
Thou hast not wrong'd me—never try'd
How to betray me : I've no fear
That what thou say'st may hurt my ear :
Thou'lt not offend me, speak thy story, man,
Tho' every word were direful ban.
What need'st thou fear to do my will,
Tho' I command thou should'st me kill ?
Nay, stammer not, thou hast a voice
I would prefer to hear in choice
To the sweet-warbling nightingale,
So thou would'st out with this thy tale.”

“ Pardon me, lady. ’Tis my grief,
I cannot bring your woe relief;
But must add two-fold weight thereon ;
Tho’ I had rather that my tongue
Were rooted from my mouth and cast
To glut the dogs with one repast,
Could I but turn the woe away
That I have learnt since close of day.”

“ O ! do not torture me again !
Ease me, sweet vassal, of this pain,
By telling that which I create,
Unknown, a thing of mightier state
Than all of woe this world can hold,
Tho’ all men’s real griefs were told.”

“ Then be it known. To-morrow morn
Will make your hopes of love forlorn ;
For he, Rinaldo, false to you,
Must to another maid be true ;
Ere noon’s sun on the earth shall shine,
The priest the holy band shall twine
Around their hearts, as man and wife,
To be thus join’d throughout their life.”

“Enough ! I thank thee, now depart,
And leave me with my breaking heart !
O Heaven ! no other load but this ?
No other hand to pluck my bliss ?
I, fondly-loving, wretched maid,
Must by my lover be betray'd !
That which with holy care I nurs'd,
By him perverted, now has curs'd
The very hopes I once did bear,
And turn'd them all to grim despair !
No ! not to grim despair they're given,
I'll build my hopes in yonder Heaven,
Of blessed saints the vast abode,
The home of bliss, the throne of God !

“Could he, that oft with me hath stray'd
Lone by that river-haunted shade,
Could he, with whom my happy hours
Fled swiftly on beneath those bowers,
Where Heaven's pure air in fragrance rose
And stirr'd the willows' sad repose,
With whom I linger'd on that shore
To watch the stealing evening hour,
So heartless, careless, faithless prove,

To wrong my first, my only love ?
Ye vows ! I call ye back from time
To witness young Rinaldo's crime !
Ye winds that heard them, come again,
Tho' ye have roll'd across yon main
A hundred times from east to west,
Rolling in storm or lull'd in rest
Upon the bosom of the wave,
I call ye back ! that ye may rave
In madness round his ears the tale
Ye heard him breathe in yonder vale !

“ Rinaldo false ! then can it be
That when he vow'd those vows to me,
He knew each word to be a lie ?
It cannot be—so deep a dye
Of guilt could never stain his mind.
There's mystery these things behind.
It is some other of that name,
For mine would never own such shame !
Annette, fetch thou him here once more,
I fain would hear his story o'er.
I cannot think this tale were true,
Unless I from Rinaldo knew.”

The maid obeying took a light
And soon was from her mistress' sight,
Who in suspense, 'twixt hope and woe,
Oft strain'd her ears that she might know
Some one the galleries pass'd along
Which the apartments stretch'd among.
She held a hope 'gainst reason's beam,
A hope that prov'd indeed a dream !

When came the vassal she began—
“Methinks thy brain on something ran
That thou had'st dreamt of, never heard ;
Or else it was some other lord
That haply had like name bestow'd
And with such years might be endow'd.”

“I ween it was not, for I knew
What time he dwelt with us, and drew
From them who told me, that from home
He at that time away did roam.”

“Thy words are killing! O! that truth
Should have so little, little ruth!
Or that he ever could deceive!

Or I for truth a lie believe !
Now thou may'st go—but yet, I say,
If ever thou should'st see the day
That to my sire's breast I return,
My gratitude to thee shall burn,
For thou art faithful, and reward
Shall be thy after fortune's guard."

"My lady, if you still have doubt
To-morrow morn I'll guard you out
To the cathedral church, for there
The lord and lady will repair ;
And should it not be as I tell,
The more my joy to know 'tis well."

"Thanks for thy care, I'll thither go
But my attendant Annette, thou
Shalt only be. Thee, faithful vassal, I dismiss
From care to-morrow, take thy bliss
In seeing all these walls contain.
To-morrow pass'd, we'll but remain
Within this city till the sun
Another day's course has begun.
Now thou may'st leave me till the time

When peals the second morning's chime.
But ah ! how shall I see thee, sire ?
How shall I quench thy wrathful ire ?
How gain within thine aged arms
A refuge from this world's alarms ?
Wilt thou not curse thy child ingrate
That brought this sorrow to thy fate ?
O ! I would give all else of hope
That comes within life's dreary scope,
If that my sire would have me bless'd
And bid me in his bosom rest ! ”

In hopes and fears alternate lost,
Her soul with love and sorrow cross'd,
Now weeping floods from out her eyes,
Now starting up in wild surprise,
Now wrapt in silent reverie,
Now turning o'er her memory,
Now measuring with hasty stride
Her chamber walls from side to side,
Now staying sudden in her walk
Upon some doubting thought to talk,
In strange soliloquy unknown before
This grief had come her pathway o'er,

She spent the long, long weary night
Without relief till morning light.

The hour was come. That mighty fane
Receiv'd the blooming bridal train ;
And many an eye was there to gaze
On her who far out-shone the blaze
Of jewels that around her hung,
With many a wreath and garland strung.
The organ roll'd, that solemn lyre,
Loud peal'd the anthem from the choir ;
Its echos waken'd in the nave,
Where stood full many a sainted grave.
From arched windows dim and tall
Stream'd the sad light on many a stall
That rear'd its spiral head on high,
And then on maidens fell the dye
In broken stream, as 'neath some shrine
They chanted prayers to powers divine
For blessings on the youthful pair,
For all did love that beauteous fair.

Without the door, close wrapp'd in hood,
A melancholy lady stood,

Or lean'd upon a statue's feet ;
It was the virgin's, and most meet
To be fair innocency's stay,
Whose feet still walk'd in virtue's way.
Near to her in obeisance stay'd,
Deep sunk in silent thought, her maid.

But now the wedding pageant came,
Led by the lord and blushing dame,
And moved down the steps,—when lo !
That lady's form came forward slow,
And throwing back her ample veil,
Discover'd Ermene sadly pale.

She gave one long upbraiding look,
At which Rinaldo inward shook ;
Though nothing outward spoke his sin,
But frigid stood—unlike within.
Ermene slow rais'd her marble hand
Towards his form, and said, “I stand
Before thy form, O ! youthful lord,
Not to remind thee of thy word,
Not to remind thee of thy vow,
Such course were madness in me now.

I come, Rinaldo ! on thy head
My benediction here to shed !
May'st thou be happy morn and night,
Thy brow be girt with honours bright,
Thy life be like the summer days
Basking in fortune's golden rays ;
May joy upon thy footsteps wait,
And guardian angels watch thy fate.
Now I resign thee,—I have done,
My woe is with thy bliss begun.”
This said, with steady hand she drew
Her veil to screen her from the view,
And pass'd in dignity along,
Immingling with the gazing throng.

No sooner was she from them gone
Than rose a voice in thunder tone,
And Hubert's anger from him burst
While thus Rinaldo's life he curs'd.

“ False wretch ! canst thou behold yon maid,
She whom thy baseness hath betray'd,
And for one moment, recreant, dare
To breathe one breath of Heaven's pure air ?

Go, plunge the dagger in thy breast !
Better there the steel than devil rest !
Behold her father, wailing wild,
Lamenting o'er his hapless child !
And see him when he o'er thee stood,
When thou was smear'd with clotted blood ;
And how he laid thee in his tow'r,
And bade her tend thee till the hour
That all thy gaping wounds were heal'd !
Alas ! that time such grief reveal'd !
By all the love thou then engag'd,
By all the truth thou has outrag'd,
I curse thee through thy weary life !
May'st thou have sixty years of strife !
May each day double other's woe !
Each pang forerun another throe !
By old lord Harold's manly brow,
His venerable locks of snow,
His brow which thou hast plough'd with care,
His locks which thou hast thinn'd of hair,
I curse, and may my curses cling
Throughout thy life, and on thee bring
Discord and woe from gloomy hell,
What man ne'er knew, could never tell."

“Detain that wretch ! Let him not fly,”
The birdegroom shouted, “Think ye I
Will hear that recreant wretch defame
The honour of Rinaldo’s name ?
Why dost thou hang upon my arm
And tremble in such wild alarm ?
Unhand me, I will follow him !”

“Nay, good my lord, look not so grim !
To stain our wedding-day with blood
Methinks would bode us little good !
I will not loose my hold, my lord !
On this day, O ! draw not your sword !”
Entreating, urging him apace,
While strangest wonder fill’d her face,
She drew him onward ; yet his ire
From his dark eyes flash’d sudden fire.
Full many a bosom there did sigh,
“So sweet a lady ne’er did I
Behold oppress’d with such sad woe !
Like marble seem’d that lady’s brow !”

Ermene had just regain’d her seat,
When Hubert fell beneath her feet,

“O, hear me but confess my crime !
I will not rob you of much time.
Yet could I hope you would forgive,
I happier should henceforward live !”

“O ! Hubert, dare you now appear
To ask forgiveness of me here ?
You unto whom I gave my mind,
Who in return with vows did bind,
To do my will with faithful care,
And backward with his meed repair ;
Yet I will listen to your tale,
And, too, forgive, tho’ you did fail.”

“I gave Rinaldo that same scroll,
And from him heard what wrung my soul ;
Then I in fit of madness burn’d,
And in my anger on him turn’d,
Bidding him fight. But I was poor,
His menials spurn’d me from the door !
I could no longer do my part ;
I could not come to break your heart ;
My soul revolted from the deed,
And would not bear so base a meed,

This is my crime : with each day's sun
I have a heavy penance done ;
For I have wander'd long alone,
As one that ne'er to earth was known."

"Thou shouldst have straight returned home,
Then I had not this journey come ;
But when to-morrow's dawn will break
See at that hour thou be awake ;
For then I to my home will hie,
To gain forgiveness, or to die.
And now thou may'st my pardon keep ;
But leave me here—I fain would weep."

Lord Harold knew no happy rest
Till, folded in his teeming breast,
His daughter wept, and was forgiven,
Restoring both to peace of Heaven.

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED AT CHURCH.

THE solemn sound fill'd all the holy pile,
 From high-roof'd nave it roll'd to lonely aisle;
 Seeming as tho' man gain'd a better birth,
 And fix'd a Heaven upon this woful earth.
 The noblest end that we should praise His name,
 Who gave the tenant soul, and sheltering frame !

'Tis not the clang, the jarring sound of strife
 Too often heard among the paths of life ;
 Here Care knits not her brows, nor binds her brain
 With golden links of visionary gain ;
 Or if there be some sad exceptions, how
 Shall Heaven's bright splendours cast their glorious
 glow
 Around those souls ?—Ah ! they are lost to love—
 To hope—to joy—to dreams of bliss above.
 Not all the blessings which this world can give
 Are worth the thought, that we shall after live,

Loos'd from this region of remorse and woe,
And roam in happier climes, nor such distresses
 know.

Tell me not of the creed which says men die
When fades this world upon the human eye—
That the soul lies corrupting with the clay,
And never more beholds the light of day.

Hence, ye base thoughts! begone to gloomy hell,
From whence ye came, nor dare to mortals tell
Such black-fac'd lies begot of sin and crime—
But come, sweet Hope, thou conqueror of time !
Thou bright hair'd seraph, thing of Heavenly bliss !
Come thou to help us through this drear abyss.
Guilt flies before thee, at thy name the tomb
Is lit with joy, not fill'd with darkling gloom :
By thee we see the crown that we shall wear
With purer bliss, contrasted with this care.

May Heaven forgive my thoughts for having stray'd
In such wild wanderings when I should have pray'd ;
But 'tis a part of this earth's baser fire,
That we should wander from the true desire,

And muse on this vile earth when we alone
Should think of Heaven, when bent beneath His throne

Behind a pillar, in the chancel dim,
I saw one stand when rose the solemn hymn ;
Her head lean'd down in melancholy guise,
With folded arms and sorrow-speaking eyes ;
But there was peace implanted in her look,
It seem'd a fair leaf in religion's book ;
Love was more potent there than all beside,
For her in truth the Saviour Christ had died.

I did not see her form as pride would see
She seem'd a reverend, hallow'd soul to me ;
For grief had driven its chariot o'er her heart,
And they of grief within me find a part.
Her life had been one task of writhing woe,
Spurn'd by those men who ne'er reliev'd a throe ;
Oppress'd, insulted, spit at, mock'd withal,
No will to choose—no cup, save one of gall.

November blasts blew round her aged form,
Which lack'd a shelter from the howling storm !
Thro' rainy spring, or summer's scorching heat,

No happy rest would greet her weary feet ;
 Condemn'd to starve, or beg from door to door,
 A suffering remnant of the aged poor.

Yet brightest looks may gild her closing day,
 And brightest angels waft her soul away,
 When yon rich man, proud of his swelling purse,
 May sink beneath an everlasting curse,
 While truth's sweet voice may never tell he shone,
 But Satan pitch a lie on sculptur'd stone,
 And perhaps point it to the lost soul's sight
 In taunting scorn of his far different plight.

But ah ! too many mortals come not here
 As coming to the house of praise and prayer,
 Yon galleries read a volume to my mind,
 A potent history of human kind.

They are dissent's contagion—take them hence,
 Nor mind the wretches pleading for defence ;
 We would not have an opera in our fane,
 Nor show our dress, making ourselves more vain.
 In sooth we've vanity enough before,
 And need none here to make our sin the more.

I grieve, alas ! for that Old English day
When each man hither humbly bent his way ;
Not borne in sweeping carriage thro' the air,
In all the pomp of ceremonious care :
When benches of black oak were only seen,
Where now are pews of crimson, red, and green ;
And when, far more than all, each man low knelt
In fitting posture for repentance felt.
When if to heaven he rais'd his anxious eye,
He saw the roof in beauty towering high,
Where nought was seen to lead his thoughts afar,
Or set the passions in his mind ajar.
Men kneel not now—they have forgot to kneel ;
Ah ! have they too forgot their sins to feel ?
There they sit lounging in some odious pew,
Their only thought that they around may view ;
And if they upward look—what should they see ?
Some fond Miss rolling both her eyes in glee
At some fair galleried neighbour o'er the nave,
Who gives her answers with two eyes as grave.

O ! Martyrs ! did ye die for such a sight ?
For such a scene forego the blessed light ?
O ! Church ! thou church of such a glorious creed,
Thou art deserted by mankind indeed !

ROBERT AKED, PRINTER, LOW-STREET, KEIGHLEY.

